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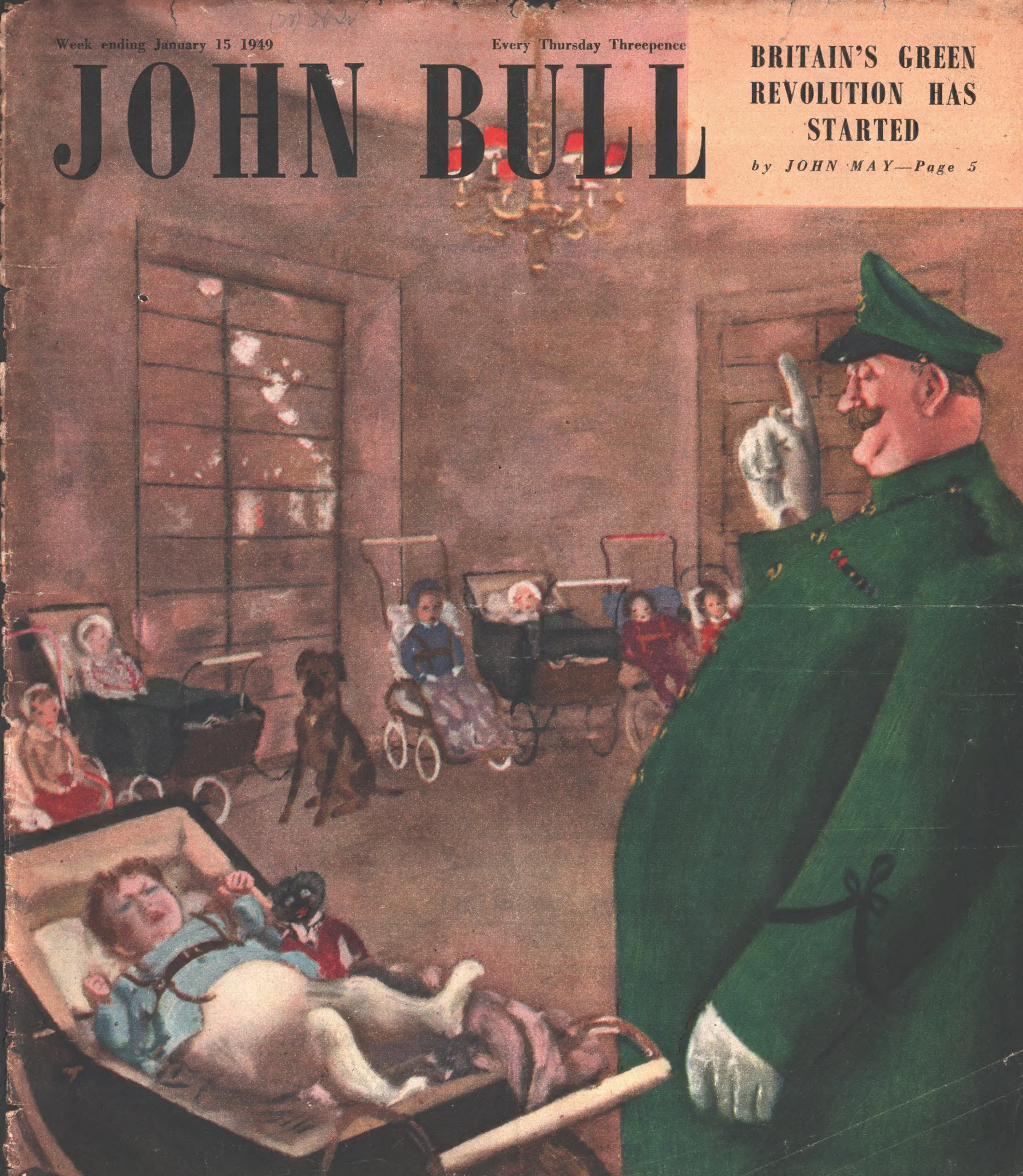
JOHN BULL

BRITAIN'S GREEN REVOLUTION HAS STARTED

by JOHN MAY—Page 5



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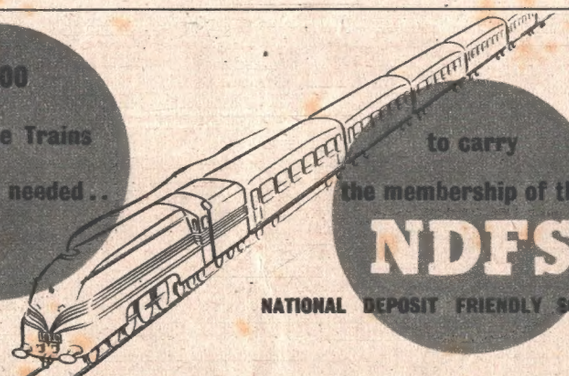

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JANUARY 15, 1949 VOLUME 85 NUMBER 2220

Counting the Cost

FOOD SUBSIDIES are now costing anything up to £500 million a year compared with under £400 million twelve months ago. This, according to some critics, is very bad economics and bad for us individually.

It is said that subsidies are inflationary, making our money worth less and less. Cut them out and down would go our income tax by several shillings in the pound. Fine, attractive arguments, these. Or are they?

Let's get the facts clear, so that we can judge for ourselves.

Per man, woman and child the current cost of the food subsidies works out at nearly £10 a head.

Without subsidies, most food prices would rise steeply—bread by about 5½d. a loaf, meat by 4½d. a lb., milk by 1½d. a quart, sugar by 2½d. a lb., cheese by more than one shilling a lb., margarine by 4½d. a lb., and so on.

The average family of four would, therefore, have to find about £40 a year, or some fifteen shillings a week, more for food, and save little or nothing in income tax.

Now, as we are discovering more and more every day, millions of families are already struggling to make ends meet comfortably. They would want higher wages to pay their greater food bills.

This *would* be very definitely the inflationary danger we are being warned against. Higher wages would have to be found from somewhere and the result would be still higher prices for all the other things we have to buy. What we might gain in one way we should certainly lose in another.

We should remember this whenever we hear the specious cry of "off with the food subsidies."

Why They Hang Back

WHY NEED THE AIR MINISTRY waste time, money and manpower on a solemn inquiry into the shortage of recruits for the R.A.F.?

Any young man who is a potential pilot or "erk" will tell the air marshals why he does not enlist—in spite of the glamour of flying.

Pay and prospects are simply not good enough.

They are far worse than the reward of similar skill and devotion in any civil industry. Yet they need to be better than civilian pay to compensate for the sacrifice of liberty which the Service demands.

It is a stupid tradition of all three British Services that their regular members should be badly underpaid.

In every war, this causes heartburning because Allied troops are nearly always better off than our men. In peace, it stops recruiting.

Civil servants, the unarmed employees of the State, are better paid on the average than soldiers, sailors and airmen. Yet they work shorter hours and enjoy all the civilian liberties. Is it any wonder that Service life doesn't seem to make a strong appeal on the present terms? We shall never get the right numbers of the right men for the R.A.F.—or any of the Services—until we stop trying to run the armed forces on the cheap.

Not So Big Money

TOTES, POOLS AND BOOKIES are all feeling a draught. But the operators are reluctant to admit that their post-war boom is ending, and we may expect them to bring organized pressure to bear on the Government in the hope of getting some relief.

They want either remission or readjustment of betting taxes in the Budget.

The Chancellor should ignore such pressure. The recent fantastic betting boom started when most of us had cash to spare and there was not much in the shops to buy.

Now, the combined effects of pegged wages, high prices, more goods in the shops and "deflation" generally are telling. The spare money which once went into gambling is now used perforce in other ways.

It is really a good thing for everybody except the few who stand to make profits out of other people's losses. The big betting boys must resign themselves to more modest business in the future.

Murder Made Easy

UNSOLVED MURDER MYSTERIES increase alarmingly in number.

Unless Scotland Yard and the local police forces can show a much higher proportion of arrests, public confidence will be gravely shaken.

The growing backlog of unsolved crimes makes nonsense of arguments for and against abolishing the death penalty. It doesn't matter whether hanging has or has not a deterrent effect, if potential murderers come to believe that they will never be caught.

Emergency steps to speed up the murder hunt have already been taken, but experience may show that the only real solution to this terrible problem is an enlarged and improved detective force. If so, the men must be found. We cannot drift into a state where murder can be done with impunity.

Science Reaches Out

IF THE BRITISH DEFENCE Minister announced that his Departments were constructing an artificial moon as a next-war weapon, we should probably laugh at him.

Yet the Defence Secretary of the United States has said just that; and no American seems to be laughing.

There is no doubt that the Americans mean to explore and exploit the outer skies, whatever the consequences for mankind. Science, drunk with the ideas of the atomic age, is already reaching out to new worlds.

To citizens of the battered old world who ask only for a bit of peace and quiet, all this is rather alarming.

We can't stop it. We *can* try to limit it, however, by supporting international control of all potential weapons in the scientific armoury.

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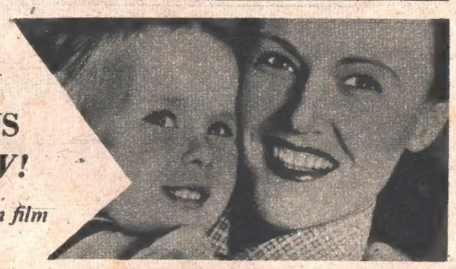

You can't begin too soon to keep your children's teeth gleaming white and free from film. Freedom from microbe-sheltering film that holds dangerous acids in contact with precious enamel, lessens the danger of decay, and helps to ensure good teeth for your children when they grow up. What is true for them is true for you.

ONLY Pepsodent contains Irium, which will gently and safely loosen, emulsify, and wash away dingy film and stains, leaving teeth brilliantly clean. *Children, and grown-ups too, should brush the teeth thoroughly with Pepsodent TWICE every day, see the dentist TWICE every year.*

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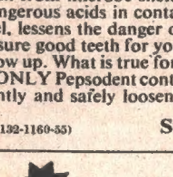

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Who'd believe that only last week she felt fit to drop!

Utterly played out, she hadn't an ounce of energy in her. But a timely course of Wincarnis soon changed all that. Taken mid-morning & before going to bed, Wincarnis is an agreeable and effective tonic. It is a wine fortified with extracts of beef & malt & glycerophosphates. Not only does it taste delicious — it also braces & invigorates.

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The Bristol Quads —

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ELIZABETH: Weight at birth: 4 lbs. 8½ ozs. Weight 14/12/48: 17 lbs.
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We are proud to announce that the beautiful Bristol Quads, born on June 12th, 1948, are being fed on Cow & Gate Milk Food.

The steady gain in weight shown and the splendid vitality of Mr. and Mrs. Good's four lovely little daughters are sufficient tribute to its excellence.

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The new **Biro** *Minor*

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One-way plough is product of Silsoe ingenuity. Furrows can be turned in any direction. This saves time, lets plough travel up and down

Professor J. A. Scott Watson (centre) at pig breeders' luncheon. Author of *Agriculture*, farmers' "bible," he heads network of farm scientists

BRITAIN'S GREEN REVOLUTION HAS STARTED

The object: to raise more food. The enemy: unproductive land, below-grade cattle. The weapons: the plough, the test-tube—and ideas ● ***by JOHN MAY***

WHEN STAFFORD CRIPPS produced his Four Year Recovery Plan last month he turned the farmers of this country into conjurers. He didn't ask them to put a pint and a half into a pint pot, which everybody knows can't be done. He just announced that they would be expected to get a pint and a half *out of* one.

By 1952, he expects the men on the land to have made an increase of fifty per cent on prewar production. The green acres must yield half as much again, in grain and roots and vegetables and dairy products. Yet the area of available land is no bigger than it was. Wartime requisitions and new projects have even taken some away.

So what is the answer? Is there any answer at all?

There is. Call it method, if you like. Think of it in terms of hard work and applied science. But it goes beyond these, into the realms of faith, into the fervour of revolution. It is a modern agricultural revolution and, though we read only hints of it tucked away in odd corners of the newspapers, the revolution has already begun.

It is not a red revolution but a green one, growing as silently as the grassy leaves of winter corn. It has the same promise of a bounteous harvest to come.

Leading it is a pipe-smoking professor with a soft Angus accent, a placid Scotsman named James A. Scott Watson. He may yet put bacon and eggs back on your breakfast table, perhaps produce a steak for your dinner, too.

Forty years ago Jamie Watson hid among the hay bales on an American freight train. The third child in a tenant farmer's family of eight, he'd left school at fourteen to work on the land. Hard study at nights had got him to Edinburgh University, where he won a £100 postgraduate scholarship. Now, as a student of twenty, he was grabbing a free ride to Iowa State College, U.S.A., to learn even more agriculture.

To France in the first World War, back to Edinburgh, on to Oxford—Watson fought, farmed, lectured, broadcast. He wrote a thousand-page book, *Agriculture*, which is the British farming "bible." He proved himself the best farm brain in the country.

Today Professor Scott Watson still speaks with a disarming air of diffidence. Yet, at sixty, the boy who once toiled at farm chores somewhere north of Dundee now heads a national network of scientists whose task is, bluntly, to teach the British farmer his job.

Farmers Want Proof

The National Agricultural Advisory Service started two years ago in October, 1946. Scott Watson took a couple of thousand young men with agricultural degrees, split the country into eight provinces each with its bunch of experts, and set about finding a series of suitable experimental farms.

The farms were to *show* hard-bitten farmers what could be done. Farmers are not suckers for science, but they believe their eyes and take kindly to a man who can demonstrate a better method, a bigger yield, or fatter livestock.

What is there to show them? Like a great heap of fertilizer waiting to be carted out on to the land, there is a huge accumulation of new methods, machines, crops, chemicals and ideas to be distributed throughout our agriculture.

The N.A.A.S. acts like the irrigation system of pipes and pumps with which the most up-to-date market gardeners shower "artificial rain" on to their thirsty crops. Through district officers, each covering roughly a thousand farms, it sprinkles agriculture with a mixture of science and good farming practice.

Even cynical farmers with a prejudice against these "callow youths stuffed with college knowledge" are beginning to like the taste. The go-ahead ones lap it up eagerly.

The stuff that goes into the N.A.A.S. pipelines comes from a variety of reservoirs of experiment and learning. Take machines.

The King Went to See

A short while before his illness, the King (he is a farmer as well as a monarch) visited a mansion at Silsoe, Bedfordshire, where farm engineers' dreams come true—the new headquarters of the National Institute of Agricultural Engineering.

Engineers at Silsoe do not subscribe to that grandfatherly way of thinking that slows farm processes down to the pace of a hairy-legged Black Bess trudging the furrow.

A tractor is more than a horse with an iron heart; why should it always drag implements behind? They showed the King a new-style tractor with engine beneath the seat. It *pushed* the plough so that the driver could watch his work without wrenching his neck looking behind.

Another plough pushes the furrow either to the left or right, as set, and eliminates time and fuel now wasted in ploughing all round the field instead of in straight lines up and down.

Fatalism about weather is another worn-out philosophy so far as Silsoe minds are concerned. If you don't like the climate, shove it around a bit. The King found himself gazing up at a huge motor-driven fan on a tripod which must have been twenty-five feet high. Frost is like water; it seeks the lowest level. This fan sucks warm air down to prevent orchard blossom (and fruit) being "nipped in the bud."

What about new crops? One pouring wet night a few weeks ago I went to a farmers' discussion meeting at Fyfield, Essex. Forty farmers and their sons crowded into a roadside tearoom to hear a N.A.A.S. crops expert from Cambridge.

"There's a queue of new kinds of wheat from the Continent waiting to be tested at the National Institute of Agricultural Botany," he told us. Two new French kinds bred during the war seemed outstanding. Danish and English barleys were being crossed to combine the good straw of one with the fat grain of the other.

We did not often produce new varieties of field peas in Britain, but there was a new stiff kind fresh in from Holland.

We knew that five hundredweight of salt to the acre on sugar beet would give the same weight in extra sugar. Did we know that scientists were experimenting with spraying it on in solution so that the plant absorbed it through the leaves? He talked for an hour; the barrage of questions and running fire of discussion went on for two hours more.

Weeds Commit Suicide

After the meeting four of us—two farmers, the local N.A.A.S. officer and myself—gossiped about the new chemical blitzes: dusts that over-stimulate weeds so that they "commit suicide," poisons that kill armour-plated pests that were previously invulnerable.

Although he is spending millions in spreading this kind of knowledge, Scott Watson reckons it will prove a cheap investment, with fat dividends in the national larder. He puts the price at a ha'penny out of every pound in farming's gross income.

His army of scientists has no monopoly of the urge towards better farming. In the green revolution the N.A.A.S. has a host of fellow travellers. One of the liveliest by far is the Milk Marketing

Board, an organization started and run by farmers, which interests itself in every stage of dairying from the grass the cow eats to the milk bottle on your doorstep.

The latest way with grass is to cut and dry it several times a year when it is still young and leafy. So the Milk Board is helping farmers to get together to run co-operative drying machines. Expensive, the process preserves the high amount of protein (meat) in tender grass which disappears if it is allowed to grow stalky. Cows need this meaty grass to make the maximum amount of milk.

To give more milk than the average (which is still far too low), a cow needs also to have parents from high-yielding families.

"Right," says the Milk Board, "artificial insemination with seed from aristocratic bulls—*that* will improve each new generation of cows."

Bulls Move Off-stage

So bulls are disappearing from farms. Instead, cows get the "paternal blessing" by plain van from the A.I. centres. And only building delays are holding up the growth of the Milk Board's A.I. organization.

Plenty of modern farmers won't wait for official recommendations. At Whitstable last year a dairyman asked the vet to chloroform all his eighty pedigree Guernseys and saw off their horns close to the skull. His cattle naturally thrive better now that they can't poke one another in the ribs.

"I've never done anything in farming that's given me more satisfaction," said the farmer. More milk in the nation's cup of tea is the result.

More milk. Every drop from the modern high-yielding cow is weighed and entered on written records. The cow herself has a diet as strict as a film star's, is milked by machine in a milking parlour a great deal more luxurious than many bathrooms, and gets as much health care as the schoolchildren who suck their morning milk through a straw.

The accountant-doctor-engineer-dairyman who looks after such an important lady is a skilled chap whose salary boosts the farm wage average.

"I've just discovered," remarked a Lincolnshire farmer lately, "that I pay my head dairyman a pound a week more in wages than our local parson gets from the Church as stipend."

The tighter organization and engineering knowledge required make farming no longer a one-boss job. There are hopes of promotion for the first time, managerial positions for promising young men that never before existed.

Somehow this state of affairs has communicated itself to the youngsters of Britain. Figures show that the drift from the land is being reversed, at last. Up in Durham a headmaster recently started a school-and-farm scheme which is catching on fast in the North.

"In 1945 while flying over Lincolnshire I used to notice fields of vivid yellow," he said. "It was some time before I discovered the crop was mustard. Despite having taught geography for several years I couldn't recognize a common crop in my own home country."

Now his school has "adopted" a local farm which classes visit regularly. The schoolchildren have the same strong interest in farming that fills the harvest camps and land clubs.

Boys and girls who live on farms don't mean to let the others get ahead of them. Their local farm clubs pay more attention to work than to play. I talked to Annesley Voysey, education officer of the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs. Many of his 60,000 members, sons and daughters of farmers, are taking a six-guinea course to learn more about farming—by post.

Your Bacon and Eggs

These facts are "straws in the wind"—the strong wind of change that is blowing over Britain's food-producing acres. What is the outcome so far? How about bacon and eggs and creamy breakfast coffee in 1949?

Pigs: half as many again as a year ago; present total 2,000,000. *Poultry*: up 6,000,000 in the year to a record 44,000,000 total. *Milk*: up to 1,322,000,000 gallons, more than half as much again as in 1933. *Meat*: beef cattle and sheep are both increasing.

But if we are to have no rationing there is still a huge task ahead for farmers.

One big obstacle is "erosion." Up in Norfolk last summer I saw dead trees and hedges where the sea came in ten years before. To the south the deep black loams of some fenlands have sunk yards in living memory until now the clay subsoil shows through. But far worse are the inroads of urbanization.

Britain has lost 4,000,000 acres of agricultural land from the peak figure of 1891. The carve-up goes on faster than ever. "Prestwick aerodrome took some of my brother's best land," an Essex farmer from an Ayshire family told me.

And we have to realize that today an increasing number of countries want to keep more of their food for their own factory workers. Canada, Australia, South Africa and Southern Rhodesia are all building up their secondary industries.

Populations are increasing elsewhere as well as in Britain. India is consuming oils and fats once exported to us.

Small hopes of more meat from across the Atlantic! For every four chops the Americans used to eat, they now munch five. More Argentine roast beef is needed on Argentine dinner plates; since 1935 one in every nine on Argentina's farms has left to go to a factory.

We have only 30,000,000 acres on which to grow food for 50,000,000 hungry stomachs. The plain fact is we've got to stand every field on edge and farm both sides of it!

And that is very nearly what the leaders of the Green Revolution have set out to do.

EXCITING NEW SERIAL

by HOWARD CLEWES

FOR its second serial, John Bull has chosen a story set in the English marshland—*Green Grow the Rushes*, by Howard Clewes. The mysterious activities in Anderida Marsh lead Hammond, wartime sailor who is bored with Civvy Street, Three Men from Whitehall and Meg Cuffley, a local girl reporter, into some intriguing situations. There is a skilful blending of adventure, romance and comedy in this novel by an author whose own life has been colourful. At thirty-six, Howard Clewes, a Yorkshireman, is married to an Italian ex-Partisan whom he met after soldiering in Italy (he rose from private to major). Together they took a chalet 6,000 feet up a Dolomite mountainside, where for most of the year one can only move around on skis. *Green Grow the Rushes* is Clewes's fifth novel and establishes his already considerable reputation. It will be published in book form in Britain, and the United States later this year. The first long instalment will appear

in JOHN BULL next week

SHOULD WE PROBE PRIVATE LIVES?

by GEOFFREY GORER

Sociologist, author and traveller, who has studied and worked in the United States. His books include *The Americans: A Study in National Character*, among last year's Book Society choices

Young Americans have no monopoly of wrongdoing. Yet "it seems probable that Communists will try to use the Kinsey Report to discredit the U.S.A."

With the publication here of America's much-disputed Kinsey Report, some are saying that there should be a similar survey of the intimate side of people's lives in this country

THERE HAS JUST been published in Britain a book that caused great controversy and excitement in the United States a year ago. To my mind this book, Dr. Alfred Kinsey's *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male* is misleading and liable to bring social science into disrepute.

If it had not become a fabulously successful best-seller in the United States, so that references to it and rumours about it have excited the curiosity of many people in Great Britain (and indeed in the whole of western Europe), there would be little reason to refer to it outside the appropriate technical journals.

Yet the aim of the study, in the widest sense, is wholly desirable. We know absurdly little about normal sexual behaviour, whether you interpret normal to mean statistically average, or the most desirable for physical and mental well-being. We do know that sexual maladjustment is a most important problem for a great number of people, and that it is one of the major causes of unhappiness, often of mental and physical illness, and, in some particularly unfortunate cases, of prison sentences or suicide.

The Chastity Ideal

A greater knowledge of the sexual life of people who are *not* forced to consult psychiatrists, marriage counsellors and the like would be of inestimable value to all who have to give advice on such subjects—educationists, doctors, social workers and the like.

The religious ideal of complete chastity before marriage and complete faithfulness to one's spouse thereafter demands a degree of faith—particularly perhaps on the part of young men who are physically but not financially ready for marriage—which is certainly no longer general among the population at large; and so for clergymen, too, such studies could be of great value.

To the extent that Dr. Kinsey had such an aim in mind when he started this study eight years ago, he was aiming to fill a most important gap in our knowledge. It is a matter of great regret that his ignorance, his bias, his obscurities—whether deliberate or not—and his inadequate "sampling" have produced such an unsatisfactory result.

Probably one of the chief reasons for this book's success in America is that very few readers, or, for that matter, critics, combine the knowledge and the leisure to read analytically and critically the 800 pages, including 154 tables, some of them many pages long, and 173 figures — none of the latter indexed, though checking demands elaborate cross-reference. As a consequence there has been in the United States a tendency to take as scientifically established truths the unfounded statements which abound in this confused and confusing book.

It would be regrettable if the same thing should happen here.

Who Were Interviewed?

The misleading of the reader starts on the title page. The book is called *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male*; the contents consist of the analysis of interviews with 5,300 white American men, between a third and a half of whom were living in Indiana, the relatively small Middle-Western state where Dr. Kinsey works, and nearly half of whom are college graduates.

To equate a small group of lengthily educated white Americans from one corner of the United States with the whole of humanity can represent one of two things: the most naïve insularity, or conscious deceit. It does not represent science.

The title page promises a description of sexual behaviour. What is given is an analysis of sexual reminiscences. Any policeman, any lawyer, any sensible human being would know that that is not at all the same thing.

Raked Up Their Past

Dr. Kinsey and his associates spend an average of about two hours on each interview, "looking the individual squarely in the eye and firing questions at him with maximum speed." Between 300 and 500 questions are asked in these two hours, most of them leading questions, and many of them demanding numerical calculations of behaviour several years ago.

No police court would accept as evidence unsupported recollections of events many years past, especially when they had been elicited in such a way; Dr. Kinsey accepts them uncritically.

His tables are swelled by including the reminiscences of the elderly at each age level. One of his major "scientific conclusions" is that the patterns of sexual behaviour have not changed in the last twenty or thirty years. This may or may not be true, but it is certainly not proved by the unchecked reminiscences of less than 400 middle-aged and elderly men.

The method of interviewing is one which has never been found satisfactory in any other type of research, and is one reason why all Dr. Kinsey's conclusions should be approached with suspicion. A second reason is his peculiar definition of "sexual behaviour," which he restricts entirely to the overt physiological "outlet," as he calls it.

Everything else is omitted, every thought and activity which does not end in this physiological climax, as well as every result of it. It is typical of the attitude of this book that the word "love" does not occur in its 800 pages, though to separate the two ideas is to make nonsense of both of them.

Similarly sexual activity is presumed to have no sequels; the concept of parenthood is, like love, completely excluded. The only mention of pregnancy in the index is "pregnancy, fear of. . . ."

This impoverishment of the concept of sex has a single justification; it makes counting easy.

Simple But Misleading

If sexual behaviour is nothing but "outlets," all of which are exactly comparable to one another, then all you have to do is to find out how many and what sort of outlets your subjects have (or rather say they have, according to the best of their recollections) and then manipulate them statistically, as though they were income tax returns or the output of coal.

This is what Dr. Kinsey has done, at enormous length. But for these tables to have any meaning at all beyond the juggling with 5,300 interviews, certain conditions have to be observed. In technical language, the sample (the interviews) must be representative of the population being studied (in this case the inhabitants of the United States), according to a mathematically approved method of sampling.

Dr. Kinsey's sample is unsatisfactory according to any of the commonly accepted methods. Whole groups of the population of the United States are under-represented or unrepresented. For example, except for a few students, he has practically nobody who practises any form of religion.

Other small groups in the population are heavily over-represented—psychologists and psychiatrists, for instance.

Apart from some of the students, on whom considerable pressure was borne to make them be interviewed, Dr. Kinsey relied on volunteers for his material. We have no way of proving that people who volunteer to be cross-examined on their sexual life differ in significant ways from people who don't feel an urge to submit themselves to such an ordeal; but natural suspicion that this is so is strengthened by experience in other situations.

Among the lowest class Dr. Kinsey paid a small sum for an interview; most of his lowest class seem to belong to the underworld of the biggest cities, rather than to be ordinary unskilled workers.

It may have been noticed that when I discuss Dr. Kinsey's figures I frequently use the phrase "seem to be"; the reason for this is that, despite the plethora of tables, nearly all the important data are so confused or obscure that it is impossible to check Dr. Kinsey's statements. One example will have to do for the lot; although Dr. Kinsey claims to be analysing 5,300 cases, in not a single table examined does the total add up to 5,300!

If we leave these technical objections aside for a moment, what do the tables purport to demonstrate? That American males have more frequent and more varied sexual experience before, inside and outside marriage, than they are meant to according to ecclesiastic and civil law. This is not likely to be a matter of very great surprise to most moderately sophisticated persons.

Many Would Be Jailed

Some of the figures are sensational, especially those for the incidence of homosexuality and bestiality, until one goes to the trouble of analysing the data. But, as has already been pointed out, we have no way of knowing whether Dr. Kinsey's sample is representative or not.

If for a moment we suppose that it is representative, then nine Americans out of ten are technically guilty of crimes which, in at least some of the states, would lay them open to long jail sentences. (The American laws which are meant to govern the sexual behaviour of adults are even more savage and unrealistic than our own. As the story of prohibition witnesses, Americans have always suffered from the delusion that you can legislate people into morality.)

Dr. Kinsey uses every technical device to convey the impression of great sexual activity on the part of his sample.

There are three different devices for establishing the "average" in a large series of figures: the mean, the median, and the mode. Dr. Kinsey consistently uses the highest figure in the text, though in some tables he gives both the mean and the median—but never the mode. Employing his own figures, one can reach much less sensational results. Similarly if one analyses the tables, instead of reading the text or the abstracts, one finds that the high figures for sexual irregularities are reduced to much more probable size.

Dr. Kinsey made his scientific reputation as an entomologist, measuring the variations of the wing-span of a certain species of wasp. He is certainly more at home with insects and animals than he is with human beings. In his text he constantly stresses the fact that he approaches the problem of human sexuality as one of mammalian activity; and from time to time he justifies certain types of human behaviour as "natural" by showing that some species of animal does much the same thing.

The legitimacy of this type of argument may well be called into question.

One of Dr. Kinsey's findings is, I think, adequately supported by the evidence he presents, and confirmed by independent research, and it is one that has important implications.

In the United States (and also extremely probably in Great Britain) there are very marked contrasts in typical sexual behaviour, and also in views of what is "natural" or "unnatural," between the different social classes, between those who leave school at the earliest possible age and those who continue their education up to and through a university.

Hard on the Majority

Most lawyers, and law-makers, most magistrates and judges come from the more educated class. They are liable, almost unconsciously, to apply their standards of normality and propriety in the framing and execution of the laws which are meant to regulate sexual behaviour. This may bear very hardly on the less educated majority. Of all the Western democracies, Denmark is the only country which has redrafted its laws about sex in accordance with modern knowledge and ideas.

One further caution should be added about the Kinsey report.

Ignorant chauvinists may seek to take advantage of the fact that it is the reminiscences of American men that are analysed to claim that this proves American immorality, debauchery and the like, and to thank God that we are not as other men. It seems probable that the Communists and fellow-travellers will try to use this book to discredit the United States and all it stands for.

All such statements are wholly unjustified. We are almost completely ignorant of the sexual behaviour of our own neighbours and compatriots, and do not have any knowledge even remotely approaching this report, inadequate as it is, and untrustworthy as I believe it to be.

Were a similar—or, it is to be hoped, a better—study to be made in this country the results would undoubtedly surprise and shock many of us.

The surprise and shock would be the measure of our ignorance.

Danger of Personal Bias

People who are asked for advice on sexual matters now, or who have to pass judgment on what are defined as sexual misdemeanours, do so on the basis of their own beliefs and prejudices, and of knowledge confined to their own limited experience, often with the most deplorable results. It is as if a doctor had, as his only experience for treating patients, his own illnesses and those of his immediate family and friends.

If both the person asking advice and the person giving it share a deep and sincerely held religious faith, then the answer can be given in terms of the rules of that religion. But when this is not so, then the advice should be founded on scientific knowledge, such as studies of this nature *could* provide.

Physical illnesses could not be cured until widespread studies of the incidence of sickness (among other things) had been made. The unhappiness, which is often more destructive than physical illness, arising out of sexual maladjustment cannot be cured or even properly understood until it, too, is a proper subject of widespread scientific study.

"Valentine would argue, but after all I was première danseuse. The music had to be played how I wanted it"

Hard to believe that the old woman had been Karinova, the almost legendary dancer of the nineties. It was like being introduced to Helen of Troy

SIR VALENTINE RYLAND'S heart stopped beating half-way through the second movement of his Budapest Symphony. The orchestra, intent on the slow cross-rhythm, played on for a few bars as the baton fell from his hand and he crumpled up slowly on the rostrum.

The effect on the packed concert hall was immediate and electrical. Within a few minutes reporters were phoning through the story to their newspapers; a score of doctors in the audience were talking over the body of the old gentleman in a backstage room; young, unkind critics were saying that even Ryland himself could no longer face the third movement; and the composer's son, a greying, middle-aged accountant, who listed the works of his famous father among his pet aversions, swung himself out of a club chair and muttered, "Damn."

There had never been a great deal of sympathy between the great Valentine and his only son, Roderick. The composer, a small, temperamental man of great vitality, had often thought affectionately of his "dry stick of a son." But Roderick, tall, thin, reserved, had never for an instant thought of his father as anything but an insufferable old bounder and an exhibitionist. An ardent admirer of Bach, he could never hear Valentine Ryland's emotional music without squirming.

Now, as Roderick left his comfortable club chair he saw a busy, rushed week, in the full glare of publicity, ahead of him. He hated rushing and he hated publicity. How typical of the old bounder, he thought irritably, to die before 4,000 spectators.

IN the hectic week that followed, his worst fears were amply realized. But at last the composer was laid to rest, the Press appreciations were pasted away in his widow's scrapbook, and Roderick, with gloomy satisfaction, began the task of creating order out of the old man's jumbled affairs.

Apart from a note saying: "My collection of signed photographs is to go to Stephen," the composer had left nothing resembling a will.

Stephen was Roderick's son. There had always been a strong affection between him and his grandfather. Once the old man had jokingly appointed him his official biographer, and now, a few weeks after his death, he began to think seriously of writing the book.

As a preliminary, he inserted an advertisement in *The Times* announcing his intention and asking for the loan of any letters written by the composer.

Within a week there were several replies. One in particular held his attention. Written in a spidery but decorative hand it read:

Dear Mr. Ryland,—With reference to your announcement in "The Times" I should be obliged if you could call and see me. I knew your grandfather in his youth, when he was a violinist with the Imperial Vienna Ballet Orchestra, and

BACKGROUND STORY

by Lionel Davidson

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

think I may have some interesting experiences to tell. Yours sincerely, Olga Wilson.

The letter excited him. This was the one period of his grandfather's life of which he knew little. The romantic marriage in Paris with his grandmother, who had been an English governess, was common knowledge. But the old man had always been reticent about his experiences with the Vienna Ballet.

He examined the letter carefully. The address was barely a two-hour motor ride distant. It was a raw, misty day, but he felt suddenly eager to pursue the line of inquiry immediately.

THREE hours later he turned up the crescent drive of a red brick, creepered house of massive Victorian design. Slamming the car door, he noted that one chimney was smoking furiously and that an upstairs room was lighted.

Mounting the steps he pulled an old-fashioned bell handle and waited, listening to the jangling through the hall. It was damp and bitterly cold. He stamped his feet and, after a few minutes, pulled the bell again. Footsteps shuffled along the passage and the door was unbolted. It seemed to have jammed.

"Give a push," a woman's voice called.

He did so, and it opened with a little, reverberating shudder. He was confronted by a large, shapeless woman in an overall and carpet slippers.

"My name is Stephen Ryland," he told her.

"You want Mrs. Wilson?"

"Yes. She wrote to me."

"Come in. I'll see. That was the letter I posted, I suppose."

She was shouting over her shoulder, for she was already shuffling up the dark stairs, leaving him to enter by himself.

He heard her open another door and call: "Madame. Wake up, madame. You've got a young man come to see you. Wake up, madame." And then a higher-pitched voice: "What? A young man? Well, bring him up. Bring him up, idiot girl. Don't leave him in the cold."

He smiled. There was the trace of an accent and something agreeably attractive in the sharp, irascible voice. He began walking up the stairs, as the woman who had let him in came down.

"All right," he called. "Don't bother. I can find my way."

The woman stood at the open door and entered the room with him.

The first thing that struck him was the suffocating heat. A huge fire was roaring half way up the chimney, and in addition an electric fire was blazing away. The heavy chandelier, lit by three or four powerful globes, brilliantly illuminated the room. The effect was like jumping out of a cold bath into a furnace.

Close up to the fire was a large tapestry-covered armchair and in it sat an old woman. She looked at him, smiling.

"Come in," she said. "I can't get up, you see."

Her lap seemed to be full of cats. Another slept in a basket at the other side of the fender.

He came in and held out his hand.

"No, no," she said, smiling. "I am old enough to be kissed with propriety. I do not like handshaking, except with other old women."

He bent, a little flustered, and kissed her cheek.

"It is not often I get young men to visit me now," she said.

She was smiling and delighted.

"I did not expect you would call so soon. We will have some good brandy, I think. Take off your coat. You will catch cold when you go out again."

She was speaking quickly, her eyes bright and shining, her hands making little gestures. Suddenly she looked beyond him and saw the woman standing watching in front of the open door.

HER eyes flashed angrily. "Go and get some brandy, and shut that door, idiot girl," she shouted.

The woman regarded her with equanimity.

"Maybe the young man don't want brandy."

"Shut that dustbin of a mouth, imbecile, and do as you're told. Take the gentleman's coat. Do you want him to catch pneumonia?"

The woman took his coat and left, slamming the door behind her.

"She is a good girl, really," the old woman told him, smiling again into his eyes. "A little stupid, but a heart of gold. She is the daughter of my old dresser, Elsa Schwarz."

She stopped suddenly, gave a comical little flap with her hand. "But, of course, you don't know who I am or what I am talking about. I am so silly."

She regarded him, smiling. He smiled back at her, bewildered but charmed at her obvious pleasure in his company.

"I got your letter today," he told her. "It interested me very much because you appear to know something of my grandfather during a period when there isn't much other information."

"Yes, yes," she said. "We will talk of that later. How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"Twenty-five. Wonderful, quite wonderful! Sit down. Come to the fire. It is such miserable weather. Don't you love warmth?"

He sat down opposite her, and at last, unable to restrain himself in the face of the old woman's smiling pleasure and her infectious gaiety, he burst out laughing. She laughed with him, awakening the cats, who jumped sulkily off her lap and stalked across the room, stretching themselves.

"Oh, the poor cats!" she cried. "See, they are very annoyed."

They laughed for a few moments, then she held up her hand.

"Well, we must talk. Perhaps you have heard of me?"

He shook his head.

"No, no, not Wilson. Wilson!" she said. "Wilson, Smith, Brown, Jones. What names!" She began laughing again. "This is my married name, Wilson. I used to be Karinova. Olga Karinova." She paused expectantly.

He said, "Olga Karinova!"

"You have heard of me?"

"Karinova! Who hasn't?"

She smiled and nodded with pleasure.

"And you are surprised to find I am still alive?"

It was true. He was. He had tried hard to keep the surprise out of his voice, but this needle-sharp old woman was aware of everything. He looked at her curiously.

KARINOVA, the greatest celebrity of the nineties, perhaps the greatest dancer of all time; the legendary, fabulous Karinova, now an old, old Mrs. Wilson. It was like being introduced to Helen of Troy.

She was nodding delightedly at his bewilderment.

"Yes," she said. "I know. This is what happens to us. Do you think we are borne off in a cloud of glory?" She laughed again. "This is what happens to people. They grow old and sit by the fire with cats."

There was a muffled banging at the door.

The old woman's eyes again swiftly turned to fire.

"Open it yourself!" she cried. "Idiot girl, how many times have I told you? Put the tray down on the table, open the door, then pick up the tray again. Why do you think I have a table there?"

There was a confused clattering, then the door opened and the woman came in with a tray. She put it on the table.

"All right," the old woman said. "You can go."

The woman sniffed and flounced out of the room.

The old woman levered herself up out of the chair. She walked to the table, exaggerating the heavy movement of the servant and pulling a face.

"Like a cow she walks," she said. "An ugly, graceless movement. It infuriates me."

She poured out the brandy and handed him a glass.

"It is very good," she said. "A special treat. Napoleon brandy. It is almost a crime to drink it at this time of the day. But it's an occasion. I told you, young men don't come to visit me now."

Her eyes were twinkling.

"You can't get over it yet?"

He smiled with embarrassment.

"It *is* a surprise," he said.

"Like introducing you to Napoleon instead of the brandy?"

She laughed and raised her glass.

"To you," he said.

"To me." She drank. "It's a long time since I heard that toast. But once there was nothing novel in it. Tsars, emperors, kings drank that toast. Now they are all gone, all dead."

She sat down.

"It is very curious. Every old person must experience this sensation, and wonder at it: the sensation of being a relic, a survivor of a great, silent catastrophe."

He sipped his brandy and remained quiet.

"All the people who cheered me, all the people who painted me, wrote about me, made love to me——" She broke off and laughed. "Don't look shocked. I'm talking of a bygone age. History is very respectable, you know."

"I'm not shocked," he said.

"Of course not," she said. "I was kidding you. The young are never shocked, are they? What rubbish that is! The young are always shocked at the old."

He began to protest, but she stopped him again.

"It is no use telling me," she said. "What is the use of being old if one cannot be a know-all with it?"

She was silent for a while, looking at the fire through her brandy.

"What I was trying to say, and the reason I wrote to you, was that for the first time in my life I feel old. It is very curious."

She paused again.

"Can you imagine it? All the people I knew, all the people I didn't know, who lived at the same time as I—they are all dead, all gone. The artists, writers, musicians; the audiences, whole theatres full of them; the men who swept the stage; the men who drove the carriages; all the people in the streets, those teeming streets in Vienna, Paris, Budapest, Moscow—all gone, all lying under the ground while a new lot of people walk the world. And I am left.

"It is very difficult to convey it to you, this sudden feeling of being a survivor from a lost time."

"I think I understand," he said.

She smiled at him.

"Still, you have not come to hear an old woman talk of her glorious past. You want to know about Valentine Ryland." She pronounced it "Valenteen."

A FEELING of excitement stirred in him. This old woman radiated a wonderful magnetism. There was a magical splendour in the way she plucked the strings of a rich, fantastic memory.

"Valentine came to us in Paris. Eighteen ninety something. I will give you a diary later and you will see when it was. I can never remember dates. He was a violinist, as you know, and he didn't have a job. I can't remember why they took him on. Ludwig Weiner was the conductor, a kind-hearted man. Maybe a violinist was ill, or maybe he just liked his face, I can't remember.

"Valentine was *not* very good." She pulled a face. "He always knew better than anyone else, you know. Always! He was really an impossible little creature, but he had charm, you know.

"Anyway, there were always arguments about the tempo, about the arrangement, about a dozen things. Usually I settled them. After all, I was première danseuse, and the music had to be played the way I wanted it. And Valentine would sulk."

She giggled a little and looked into the fire.

"He was like a baby. Of course, he would not dare to be rude to me. He wanted to eat four times a day! But, oh, how he would sulk! I think I fell in love with his sulk."

She looked up quickly and flashed Stephen a bright little smile, as though she had just come to that decision.

"Yes, I think it was the sulk. You know, on all sides, there were these incredibly gallant princes and counts and archdukes, throwing down their faces for me to walk on. It's true. They

would do anything for me. And Valentine, this little out-of-work fiddler, he had the nerve to sulk at me. Answered me politely, you know, but, oh, so coldly, with such injured, little-boy dignity!

"Anyway, fall in love with him I did. You will see it all in the diary. We were moving back to Vienna, and although normally he would not have been taken with the company, I saw to it that he came, too.

"He began composing there. I helped him a lot with Haffenpeffer, the Vienna publisher. You know, he could have been very good."

She looked at Stephen seriously.

"I would not say he was great, but he could have been very good. He had a certain richness of imagination that was somehow a part of his character. It was a sort of dark romanticism, a surge of passion that you get sometimes in Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov. But it needed much discipline, and he never had any discipline. He always wanted to lead a bohemian life, but he was always frightened of it.

"Anyway," she went, looking into the fire again, sipping her brandy, "he began composing a few things and feeling his wings, so to speak, and we began living together. He wanted to marry me, but it was out of the question. After all, you cannot build a life on a sulk. And, anyway, I did not want to marry. If I had wanted to, believe me, there was no shortage of willing and eligible men.

"It went on like this for some weeks, I think. We had arguments and scenes, and got over them. And then I discovered I was going to have a child."

She paused, finished her brandy and set it on the floor beside her chair.

"As you can imagine, it was a great shock. We kept it to ourselves for some time. But, you know," she smiled, "that is the sort of secret that doesn't keep. I left the ballet and went into the country, near Salzburg. Valentine kept on in the orchestra and often came down to see me.

"Then, after a while, you know, the idea of having a child was not such a shock. There is something very pleasant in the idea of a child. Even a dancer, I suppose, has a maternal instinct. It was very curious, but I suddenly found myself wanting that child very much, despite the damage that it would do to my career. I wanted a daughter, so that I could teach her everything I knew about dancing.

"But it wasn't a daughter. It was a son."

She gave a sudden soft and secret smile, and when she continued it was almost in a whisper as though she were talking to the fire.

"He was a fine baby. He had a long face like mine. Yes, even as a little baby you could see the good bone formation. He didn't look a bit like Valentine, and, you know, Valentine didn't like that.

"But I am going on too quickly. Valentine had let Ludwig Weiner, the conductor, into the secret, and they came down one weekend and we christened the baby. Ludwig was godfather, and we called our boy Ludwig after him.

"We all went back to Vienna together. We still kept it a secret, you know. I found a nurse for the baby, and in a few weeks I was dancing again. I could not see Ludwig often."

She paused for a long while, and when she looked up at Stephen her face was puckered as though she could not find the right words.

"You know, Valentine could be very curious at times. He adored the baby, but if I tried to make a fuss of it, as mothers do, he would become very angry. He was very possessive and he resented the fact that the baby did not look like him. He was actually jealous of me for being Ludwig's mother."

She laughed and shook her head slowly.

"Oh, he was the strangest young man, Valentine. He was really very respectable, you know, a bit of a puritan at heart, and he never had quite accepted the idea that our living together was anything but the wildest sort of sin. He loved me and loathed me and was frightened of me all at the same time.

"Perhaps you won't understand that. He saw himself, you know, always as a shining, clean young musician, lured into Sin. And I was Sin!

"Now, it all seems rather comical, but I can tell you there was nothing funny about it then. Valentine became more English and more respectable every day. We had the most awful scenes and in the end I had a nervous breakdown.

"I was in the nursing home for three weeks, and not once did he come and see me. Ludwig Weiner came often, but whenever I mentioned Valentine or the baby he was very embarrassed. I found out why when I came out. Valentine had flown."

She gave a tight little smile. "Yes, he ran away. With the baby."

"He took the baby?"

"Kidnapped is the right word, I think."

She was silent for so long that Stephen asked: "And what did you do?"

She looked at him half humorously.

"I had another nervous breakdown. At the nursing home they said goodbye to me on Monday, and on Wednesday they were welcoming me back again.

"While I was still there I got a letter from Valentine. He said something like: 'I am taking my son to a decent life.' He also said it was no use my trying to find him. And, you know, he was quite right. It *was* no use. I tried, of course. His publisher hadn't his address. His banker hadn't got it. I even wrote to his parents in England, but they hadn't got it either. He'd vanished.

"Months later I learned he had married an English girl, a governess, in Paris. And then, perhaps a year later, I got a letter from London telling me that Ludwig, my own darling baby, had died. I went completely to pieces.

"I had always had it in my mind that one day I would go and find Ludwig and care for him and spend the rest of my life that way. And then, this cruel little letter. Valentine had not even the courage to write it himself, or maybe he didn't care, I don't know. The English girl wrote it—your grandmother."

The old woman remained silent for a long time.

"But one can get over anything in time. For weeks I was a wreck. But as soon as I began dancing again I began to put it out of my mind."

She looked up and smiled at him. There was so much sadness in her smile that he felt it constricting his own heart.

"I never had another child. That's why I wanted you to know. It is very bitter to realize one is a relic, left high and dry with absolutely nothing at all to leave behind but a legendary name.

"Here." She levered herself out of her chair and went to a cupboard. "I will get you the diary. You can read it and copy dates and so on. I'm afraid it's in French. Can you understand it?"

Stephen said he could.

An hour later he was still poring over the diary, still tingling with the sharp surprise of her story. After a while he looked at his watch. Four o'clock. He would have to be starting back. He looked across to the old woman. She was asleep in her chair, her mouth a little open. Occasionally her legs would twitch and her hands make little clawing motions.

Quietly he stood up and left the room. He found his way down the stairs, called softly for the servant and explained that he had left without disturbing the old woman. He struggled into his coat and a few minutes later was driving into the road.

The mist had now settled heavily and he drove back at a snail's pace. He was due to dine with his father and grandmother, and it was nearly eight before he arrived at his grandmother's house. They were just finishing dinner.

He kissed her, warmed his hands at the fire and took his place at the table.

"Satisfactory interview?" Roderick asked his son.

"Interesting," he said. He didn't want to talk about it just yet.

"Who was it, dear?" asked his grandmother. "Anyone I know?"

"Reply to his piece in *The Times*," his father said. "Woman called Wilson, wasn't it?"

"Wilson?" the old lady repeated. "Wilson? How did she come to know your grandfather, dear?"

"It was a long time ago," Stephen said. He looked across at his grandmother. "Olga Wilson."

There was no response; only a mild perplexity.

"She used to be called Olga Karinova," he said. "The dancer."

A slow flush spread upwards from her neck.

"Karinova!" said his father. "Is she still alive? Good lord, I thought she'd died years ago."

"She's alive all right," Stephen said. He was looking at his grandmother. "She was telling me about a son she'd once had."

"I didn't know father knew her," Roderick said. "What's she like?"

"Old." He turned to gaze at his father's long, bony face, a face whose features had suddenly taken on a new and haunting familiarity.

"Did she have anything useful to tell you?" his father was asking.

Stephen looked across to his grandmother. Her eyes were fixed on him, her lips a little apart and trembling. He looked down again.

"No," he said slowly. "Just a background story. Not what you might call useful."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Buried Gold

ONE of the early Presidents of the United States, Thomas Jefferson, once said: "The sum total of the common sense of the common man is the greatest force on earth."

If only this sum total of common sense could be dug out and put into action!

As it is, the *individual* rarely gives his common sense a chance. He buries it under a welter of sentiment, emotion and sloppy thought.

The result is that most people spend their time in "the toil of dropping buckets into empty wells, and growing old in drawing nothing up."

No wonder Voltaire remarked, "Common sense is not so common!"

If we all subordinated self-interest and self-esteem to a sturdy realization of facts, there would be very little we could not do together.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"If he fidgets now, he'll break his dear little neck!"

JOHN BULL January 15 1949

HUNTER IN THE BASEMENT

by DENNIS HOLMAN

For the rat-catcher a room or corridor is a jungle with tracks leading him to the kill. Odds against him are heavy—rats multiply at a tremendous rate

REGINALD ERNEST BERESFORD Hammond is a hunter, but nobody has ever campaigned against his particular form of sport. His quarry is the rat; his hunting grounds the dank labyrinth of London basements, or wherever there is game to be found and clients willing to pay for his services.

Hammond stalked his first rat eighteen years ago when, as an ex-Grenadier Guardsman, he answered a man-wanted advertisement and spent the night in an infested restaurant. His bag was twenty-four rats, sloshed and strangled. One fell into a vast bowl of fruit salad and paddled around till it sank, exhausted.

The last and final rat, the biggest he had ever seen, eluded every tactic until Hammond leapt ferociously upon it and throttled the rodent with his bare hands. It took, he claims, twenty minutes to die.

After working for years with several firms of vermin exterminators, Hammond at last decided to start up on his own. That was five years ago. It is now a flourishing business at Charing Cross, where Hammond points to stuffed trophies with the air of a retired colonel who might be expected to say: "I nabbed that beggar in Nepal."

Hammond's emotions when he thinks of rats are a mix-up between regard and loathing for the beasts. "They can climb practically anywhere," he says, and relates how he and another fellow watched a black ship rat climb down Scotland Yard by the lightning conductor. After admiring the feat they proceeded to kill the rat.

Additions to the Family

"Better a dead rat than a live one," is the rat-catchers' view. They know how fast rats can multiply. In precise scientific terms this is best told by Miss Margaret Lawrence, of the Ministry of Agriculture's Infestation Control Division:

"Theoretically it is possible for one female to produce about 60,000 descendants in the space of a single year. Fortunately, in practice, the results are far short of this figure. But where conditions of life are ideal, as in a large rick where food and shelter are laid on, rat colonies have been known to increase alarmingly."

After accounts of their cunning, one is inclined to agree with R. E. B. Hammond that, "If you're not all there, they've got you every time."

No animal has been hunted as relentlessly and savagely as the rat since he chose man for a neighbour. In Britain the population has reached a figure which is anybody's guess. One hundred million has been quoted. In the file of the 1919 Act relating to the destruction of rats, one biologist gave their number in Britain as being equal to the human population. Infestation Control considers this to be a reasonable estimate, and it allows for the fact that there has been an increase in the last thirty years.

It is believed that rats consume, destroy, foul or render unfit for consumption more than two million tons of food in Britain each year. The Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations estimated that, in 1947, world losses of bread grains and rice totalled about 33,000,000 tons—enough food to keep 150,000,000 people alive for the same period.

Even Gets at Clothes

Stored grain, warehouses stacked with cheeses, chocolate and foodstuffs are principal targets. The problem in slaughter-houses is rat-gnawed meat. The rat is omnivorous; when he is not eating he is sharpening his teeth, gnawing through lead pipes and cables, destroying clothes and property, disrupting the electricity supply.

"Fortunately," adds G. V. Smith, deputy director of Infestation Control Division, "much of the rats' voracious appetite is satisfied by garbage thrown away; and there are large rat populations in sewage systems and on sewage farms. But offset against this is the appetite of the mouse."

In the opinion of the experts, the mouse is a more elusive and insidious menace. He is hard to kill with poison, because his habits are unpredictable, and it is uneconomical to set sufficient traps for effective control of large infestations.

"The mouse remains our biggest problem," G. V. Smith goes on. "Mice are so small that they are often bagged with grain; and there they live, eating and multiplying in the bags, burrowing from one to another until the stack droops. It is not uncommon to see a stack finally collapse."

The story goes that at a depot in East Anglia in 1943 a stack of 1,500 tons of wheat collapsed and orders were given for the grain to be bulked and the mice to be killed by violence.

Many got away, but those killed were counted—they numbered 50,200. When it was all over the men were given leave. Most of them were quite sick. The stench was indescribable. The grain was polluted with droppings.

This was the classic case; but there have been others, not quite as bad, but pretty terrible. Farmers will tell you about them every year. Some American farmers figured that the cost of keeping rats at 1947 prices worked out at £1 a rat. Add to this the sum total of annoyance and frustration in millions of larders when a housewife finds that a mouse has been at a bag of food and throws it away. The waste is incalculable.

Until a few years ago, pest control was very much in the hands of men like R. E. B. Hammond or any desperate farmer and householder who took up a stick and went out to slosh every rat and mouse he could find.

But since the early stages of the second World War, when the Ministry of Food acted on the fear that rats and mice could, if unchecked, become almost as serious as shipping losses, the profession of rat-catching has entered the Civil Service.

Infestation control operators, as they are called, are a force of anti-vermin plain-clothes police, trained and organized for an underground campaign that is going on relentlessly. Private operators like Hammond have stayed out. Their position is analogous to all the private detectives of fact and fiction who have only gone into action for a pretty handsome fee.

Schooling for Assassins

The rôle of the Infestation Control Division is to teach 1,469 local authorities how to kill rats and to see that they do it. Technical instruction is undertaken by Margaret Lawrence, who, in five years since I.C.D.'s inception, has trained over 10,000 operators.

Hammond learnt rat-catching in a tough school. To him basements and corridors are jungle, with footprints and droppings leading him to the kill. Each job he plans like a commando raid, adapting his methods to suit the terrain.

If he is called in by a restaurant proprietor, Hammond reckons that poisoned bait is hardly likely to attract rats that have been living well on food and scraps left lying about overnight. But the *restaurateur* wants results—dead rats lined up in the morning.

Hammond gets these by locking himself in, turning off the lights and waiting in the dark, quite still. Presently the rats come out of the holes, squeaking and scampering about the floor. He gives them time to start enjoying themselves confidently; then turns on the lights and rushes to block up the holes and exits from the room.

The rats are cut off from escape and the sloshing begins. Those that get behind radiators and in other inaccessible places are shot with a short double-barrelled shotgun. Hammond's record bag for one night is seventy-three.

Time flies on a ratting job, as Hammond goes from room to room and victory to victory. Working in basements is cold and eerie, when the sounds of the battle seem as if they would wake up the entire neighbourhood. In a Paddington hotel a major rushed into the lounge where operations were in progress, believing that the place was being burgled. Hammond had great difficulty in persuading the old gentleman that everything was above board.

With its back to the wall, a rat will fight ferociously. One darted up Hammond's trouser leg. He stopped it at his thigh, forced it down again until the tail appeared on his shoe, then tugged the rat out and bashed it against the wall. "The only way to pick up a rat is by the

Continued on page 15

Hammond (right) and assistant count their bag in a London office

THEIR YEAR OF HOPE

by RA
and HO

For thousands of D.P.s, 1949 will be the year of deliverance. As skilled workers they will be absorbed by labour-hungry countries. But what of the old, the sick, the unskilled?

Slightest hint of departure brings smiles to faces of D.P.s. Britain led world in 1948 resettlement, but, under new Act, U.S. is to take 205,000 in two years

New life, new language: D.P.s at English class. Camp inmates representing sixty nations must learn common tongue. Most are Poles, Ukrainians or Balts

THREE AND A HALF YEARS after the end of the war, there are still more than half a million displaced persons in Europe's D.P. camps. For them, 1949 is the year of hope: the year when the nations of the world may at last offer them a permanent refuge, a chance to rebuild their lives and homes; the year when the trickle of men and women leaving the camps may become a flood.

Room 10 of Block A was like all the other rooms in Warner Kaserne, in the U.S. Zone of Germany: big and bare, the Army cots close together, almost touching. A middle-aged woman in a faded blue house-dress was ironing on the room's one small table. Occasionally she would stop to take a quick furtive puff on her cigarette holder, looking nervously towards the door as if she expected somebody to pop in and say: "Your time's up. It's my turn on the iron."

Stretched out on her cot, the woman's twenty-two year old daughter looked like the typical American college girl: moccasins, no stockings, the tight red sweater over the trim figure. When she spoke, Wilma Reinthal's thoughts were on far-away Texas.

"See those lines," she said, pointing to some pencil marks over her cot. "I cross one off every day. When I cross the last one off, we should all be leaving for America."

First Boatload

The four Reinthals were scheduled for the first boatload of D.P.s under the new United States Displaced Persons Act admitting 205,000 within the next two years. By now they may already have left. Like the rest, the Reinthals had first to produce assurances of a job and housing with the guarantee that they would not displace any Americans.

Then there was the usual processing: physical examination by the Consulate, security check by the Army Counter-Intelligence Corps (to keep out Communists and major Nazis). And, before they could get final approval, they had to wait for Congressional action on the Bill.

They waited for six months. Six months in one room with fifteen people representing six countries, both sexes, all ages.

"When I undress at night," said Wilma, "I can't help feeling everybody's looking at me. Sometimes mother holds the blanket in front of me; but sometimes she's too tired."

There is only one common washroom, and that means going late at night and hoping there won't be any men there. You hope the same thing about the common toilet. You don't have to hope about the food. You know what that will be: macaroni or potatoes with meat sauce, and maybe macaroni soup and ersatz coffee and dry bread for a main meal.

Diet Never Changes

"The same soup, the same gravy, the same smell. Always the same," Wilma continued. "And by the time you walk upstairs you're hungry again. But all this is not important. The important thing is to go, to go soon."

Until the American Congress suddenly changed its attitude a few months ago towards accepting D.P.s as settlers, the record of the U.S. had not been good compared with smaller nations. Even Belgium absorbed more refugees in ten months than the States did in twenty; and most of the entry permits granted to D.P.s came from the British Commonwealth.

Of the 205,000 D.P.s resettled in seventy-three countries in 1948, the United Kingdom alone took more than a third, with Canada second and the United States trailing fourth behind Belgium. Now, America's decision to accept over two hundred thousand D.P.s, though it comes late in the day, is a massive contribution towards solving the problem of resettling Europe's uprooted people.

As she lies on her cot, dreaming of the new life in unknown America, Wilma thinks mostly of soaking in a really hot bath. Then getting a job and shopping for clothes to replace her Army slacks.

"But most of all I want to settle down," she said. "I'm tired of being pushed around with a basketful of papers, tired of being a gipsy. In fact, as soon as I meet the right American boy, I'm going to get married."

What if There's a Slump?

It didn't seem much to ask. Wilma is young and pretty, and she is going to America at a time when its prosperity is at high peak. But what if times are not always as rosy? If America slides into a depression a few years from now, as many economists predict, the new immigrants will probably be among the first fired. And if times get really bitter, as they were back in the thirties, the D.P.s may even hear the words: "Why don't you go back where you came from?"

But, like all D.P.s, Wilma's enthusiasm for the new adventure was unbounded. And when her eighteen-year-old brother, Umberto, walked in, you knew at once that he was the kind of young chap who would adjust to American life with hardly a ripple.

Like his sister, Umberto was a jazz fiend. "I love boogie-woogie and that groovy, hep-cat stuff," he said. "It's really solid, yes?"

Some day in the far-away future, Umberto intends to become a prosperous American businessman, but at the moment his thoughts about the U.S.A. chiefly revolve around such things as drums, milk shakes and basketball.

"In the Baltic States they do basketball too, and they do very good, very high class. I play right forward. You think they will let me play basketball in Texas?" There didn't seem there would be any difficulty about that.

American Approach Criticized

Wilma and Umberto have youth on their side. Most of the others who will accompany them have skill and mechanical craft. The American approach has, indeed, been criticized on humanitarian grounds; for, instead of welcoming those who suffered most and were in greatest distress, Congress has asked for thousands of skilled workers needed in American industry, plus a large proportion of experienced farmers.

The arbitrary date for achieving D.P. status, which is set by law at December 22, 1945, also excludes certain groups, especially Jews, who did not get into camp by that deadline. And the Bill shows special consideration for "Peoples of foreign countries annexed by a foreign Power" (quota 80,000), which has caused more than one D.P. to remark that: "Anybody who hates Communism has a

LPH MARTIN

WARD BYRNE

good chance of going to America, but nobody seems to care now whether or not you hated Hitler."

Another thing of which D.P.s complain is that during the coming year the U.S. will also admit thousands of Germans by unfreezing past immigration quotas. "What right have former Nazis to get visas," they ask, "while thousands of us will have to stay here?"

It is not only the U.S.A., of course, which demands skilled workers. In a world struggling back to peacetime production, every nation thinks first of busy hands rather than useless mouths.

Of the 25,000 Canada took in during 1947, it asked for 2,300 farm workers and sugar-beet workers, 2,300 garment workers, 3,000 domestic servants, 3,000 construction and railway workers, and many thousand miners.

Belgium, faced with a labour shortage in the mines, admitted 18,900 D.P. miners. The United Kingdom filled similar shortages with the 69,800 refugees it absorbed.

But among the 598,445 people who remain in D.P. camps there is still plenty of "cream" left. Over half are classified as employable, and represent 215 specific occupations. One-third are skilled workers, one-fourth farmers, and one-eighth constitute the professional group. Besides truck drivers, clergymen and agronomists, 250 men classified themselves as housekeepers and ten are listed as midwives.

Among the women there are railroad conductors, blacksmiths, boilermakers and hunters.

The bulk of them are Poles (146,000), Balts (134,000) and Ukrainians (91,000). The rest represent fifty-seven different nationalities. The large number of Jews is being rapidly diminished by exodus to Palestine.

Australia Follows Suit

Encouraged by the American change of heart, many other countries have recently increased their D.P. quotas. Australia began with a goal of 12,000 a year, soon doubled that, and now plans to take in a total of 200,000 over a period of years, spending £1,000,000 on housing to permit possible further expansion.

Canada has announced it will admit a total of 100,000 immigrants; Brazil has raised its total to 15,000; and even New Zealand wants 1,000. France, torn with social conflict, has apologized for taking only 16,000 last year but says that the 3,000 refugees who cross its borders every month are allowed to stay. Christopher Mayhew recently declared in the House of Commons that Britain's only reason for restricting immigrants has been the housing shortage.

The major problem which the International Relief Organization has had to face since it was created in July, 1947, to carry on where U.N.R.R.A. left off has been the shortage of money. Three-quarters of the total budget has been used in just keeping refugees alive on a food standard barely above subsistence level. Only eighteen per cent of the budget could be devoted to helping the uprooted to begin new lives.

Biggest contributors to last year's budget of 160,000,000 dollars were the U.S., which gave 71,000,000, and Great Britain with 23,000,000. Not all the funds promised by other nations proved to be collectable. Some were reluctant to foot their share of the bill.

The result was that I.R.O. officials faced the difficult job of shouldering 100 per cent of the responsibility with only seventy-five per cent of the funds they had been promised.

Photographs by Howard Byrne

Wilma and Umberto Reinthal help mother with washing. Father is scientist and doctor. Family goal: Texas

D.P.s, like other human beings, prefer earning their own living to accepting charity. Although going back to work for German employers, many of whom are still pro-Nazi, was a bitter pill, approximately 150,000 D.P.s have done it.

How Germans Acted

The attitude of the Germans themselves towards the D.P.s was indicated a few months ago during the brief unemployment period which followed the conversion of the currency in Western Germany. As soon as the mark became real money again, and the Germans had an incentive to work, the D.P.s found themselves fired.

In addition to the problem of inadequate funds, I.R.O. is also concerned about what it calls the "embargo on brains." Nobody wants the intellectuals and professionals. D.P. lawyers, doctors, engineers, teachers and artists tell you that their colleagues in other countries have put the bars up against them. Wilma's father, Dr. Wilfried Reinthal, is a scientific man himself. His classification card describes him as a "gynaecologist, paediatrician and entomologist." He has command of nine languages, one of which is English. He is one of the lucky ones.

For others, even if they eventually get visas, there is not only the hurdle of mastering a new language but also the prospect of having to complete a long and expensive retraining course before they are qualified to work in their own fields.

Despite all these difficulties, I.R.O. expects to have the back of the D.P. problem broken by the end of this year, and to have finished its job by the middle of 1950. Finished, that is, except for the "hard core."

Families Who Won't Split

That hard core consists of some 148,000 persons. It includes not only the sick and the old and the handicapped, but also the healthy members of their families who refuse to leave them. The children of the aged parent, the husband of the tubercular wife, the mother of the mentally deficient child.

Here is the final tragedy. Its solution is not easy to see. Norway alone has taken in a few thousand old people on humanitarian grounds. Australia will take a certain number of non-economic dependants, but only in a family of eligible persons.

Test for World's Conscience

To study the problem, I.R.O. recently borrowed Dr. Harold Balme and Dr. Peter Edwards from the Ministry of Health. It is clear that the hard core will be the hard test of the conscience of the world.

Meanwhile, for the great majority of their companions, the great deliverance seems to have come. With the breaching of the American barrier, other barriers in other nations are being overcome, and this year promises to see the great tide of D.P.s sweeping out of the European camps and across the world, in pursuit of a long-lost happiness.

FREE SPEECH

AFTER MUCH DISCUSSION, my friend and I left for Canada a few months ago intending to hike around North America. The hardest part was overcoming the objections of pessimistic relatives and friends.

Now we have reached Banff in the Rockies, and the going has been surprisingly easy. The Y.M.C.A. is cheap, and one need not remain in a town any longer than one wishes.

We intend working in the cold winter months and camping in the summer. I have met American girls who are doing the same thing, and they have a whale of a time after they have finished baby-minding and dishwashing. The only snag is that it is so easy to stop rolling.—J. R. W. KERSWILL, Eastern Rockies Forest C.B., Seebe, Alberta, Canada.

Standing Up to It

THE PROGRESSIVE Housewives' Association of Wales recently carried a resolution that shops be asked to have more chairs for the convenience of customers.

The customer's chair, once a familiar sight in every British shop, from the village store to the big town emporium, has now practically disappeared. In the old days the customer sat at the counter while a wide choice of materials was brought from the shelves. Admittedly, the wide choice is not now there, but we can at least start the return to normal by providing those chairs.—E. J. ADKINS, 52 Bourne View Road, Huddersfield.

Not a Good Example . . .

RARELY HAVE I BEEN more shocked and disappointed than with the article "If Christ Were Born Today," by the Rev. W. E. Purcell (JOHN BULL, December 25).

I quite fail to see "the plain improbability of the Christmas story." Millions believe that a divine Personage demands a miraculous conception and a birth attended by supernatural witness.

The article had none of the dynamic gospel of the New Testament, or of Wesley or Spurgeon. It merely posed the anaemic social gospel of the "good example" without any saving power or regenerative force.—G. ELLIOTT, 3 Winifred Road, Merton Park, London, S.W.19.

. . . Real Inspiration

REV. W. E. PURCELL'S article was a source of real inspiration, and summed up trenchantly the message of Christianity. The writer gave us the sovereign cure for all the bitter disappointment, the frustration and the restlessness of our troubled times.—ALEXANDER GORDON, "Tigh-na-Bruach," Victoria Street, Dyce, Aberdeenshire.

How He Learned

FOR MANY YEARS I have taken care not to become friendly with white men out here, because of the overpowering superiority complex most of them have. I had the impression that white men everywhere held the same ideas.

However, this impression has been completely changed since I became the "pen pal" of an Englishman in Lancashire. His letters have shown me that most whites do not share the pernicious views of the Europeans we have out here. —W. H., Accra, Gold Coast. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Planning v. Pigging

P. Drohan-Halpin

MEN WHO CANNOT sew, wash, or cook for themselves are either lazy or shiftless. I am a twenty-eight-year old bachelor, and live in my own flat, which I clean myself.

By planning my shopping I can manage very well on one ration book. I plan everything, even my radio listening. Though I am certainly not a woman-hater, I can do without the help of any girl, and so can many of my friends.

I belong to local clubs and am a keen rambler. There's no need for men living alone to "pig it."—P. DROHAN-HALPIN, 19 Stirling Road, Birmingham, 16.

Penalize Fathers, Too

AS A NEW MEMBER of the class of girls known as "unmarried mothers," I should like to see a law which penalizes guilty fathers, too. As the law stands now they can get away almost scot free, while the girl suddenly finds her world turned upside down.

I had known the father of my child for two years. There was nothing clandestine about our friendship. We were to be married, and because we were so much in love I had my baby. Then I discovered that he had a wife and family and that he had told me endless lies.

One moment I had everything in the world, and the next I was desperately looking for somewhere to live where I should not be nagged at and talked about. But there is no escape from the stigma—because a man was selfish, knowing he would be allowed to go free.—MISS J. M., Aberdeenshire. (Full name and address enclosed.)

"Dunce" caps for the brightest: Mrs. V. E. Paget protects early bulbs from frost with brown paper cones

Nightcap

BULBS PLANTED OUTDOORS in my garden are already several inches high due to the mild weather before Christmas. In order to avoid severe damage by frosts, however, I have made little brown-paper "dunce" caps, which I pop over the shoots at night.—MRS. V. PAGET, 91 Waddington Road, Birmingham, 22a.

When Americans Are Beaten

I AGREE WITH ALAN HOBY that our boxers should wear "protector cups" (JOHN BULL, December 25), but disagree that the "no foul" rule breeds tougher boxers.

Many of our boys have licked America's best boxers; but American sports writers, unlike our own, give their beaten men encouragement to avenge their defeats.—HARRY SMITH, 7 Kendal House, Shore Place, London, E.8.

Don't Forget

FOR THE BENEFIT of S. G. Bowers, who wrote (JOHN BULL, December 25) complaining that he was charged 7s. 6d. for the return of a handbag left on a bus, this payment was quite in order.

Under the Road Traffic Act, 1934, any lost property found on a public service vehicle must be paid for when claimed. The conductor is entitled to an award of one twelfth of the value, with a maximum award of £2.—BUS EMPLOYEE, Southsea. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"WHAT HAS IMPRESSED you most about London?" A. R. Thomson, R.A., our cover artist, asked an American woman visitor. "Why, that baby sitter in the pram park of one of your big stores," she replied promptly, meaning the huge commissionaire who dominates this week's cover painting. But Thomson advises harassed parents that the commissionaire is *not* available for private baby-minding sessions.

P.S.

On Painless Childbirth

THE ARTICLE on painless childbirth by Harvey Graham, M.D., was so good it should be read out every day in Parliament until all hospitals and midwives have equipment to relieve pain. Far from pain arousing in me any greater degree of mother love, I was too exhausted, sick and humiliated after the birth of my first child to care. My only recollection of my second confinement, when I had gas and air, is one of pleasant satisfaction. It is largely men who organize distribution of these pain-relieving devices, and as they have no idea what agony can attend the birth of a baby, it is no mystery to me why there are not more machines.—*Mrs. M. D., Newcastle-on-Tyne.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

I CANNOT agree that childbirth is *certain* to be painful as Dr. Harvey Graham says. Has he not heard of Dr. Dick Reid and Dr. Cyril Pick, who advocate "natural childbirth"? Hundreds of mothers who have followed their precepts have had painless childbirths without the use of anaesthetics or analgesia.—*Mrs. F. E. Page, 69 Ernest Road, Chatham, Kent.*

THANKS FOR Dr. Graham's article. I'm a young married woman, and though it may seem cowardly, I'm terrified at the pain I might have to undergo in having a baby. The article was a great relief.—*Mrs. Olive Palmer, 72 Dodney Drive, Lea, near Preston, Lancs.*

I AM TWENTY-FOUR, and have had three children without anasthesia or analgesia—and also without pain. Pain is largely a state of mind. If every woman knew beforehand exactly what was to take place and how to help, I think there would be much less pain. The idea is to keep calm and look forward to the birth, instead of bracing oneself for a great ordeal.—*Mrs. Beth Jackson, 103 Coplan Street, Glasgow.*

Mrs. Kathleen Benson

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH? Not for me. I'm twenty-one, with a son of eighteen months and another one on the way. Of course, I suffered pain, but it wasn't a pain of illness. It was wonderful, terrible, uplifting pain—and then, afterwards, a warm, comfortable glow, and the feeling of something well done. I wouldn't miss it for anything.—*Mrs. Kathleen Benson, "Woodlyn," Newcastle Road, Clayton, Stoke-on-Trent.*

LET US DO WHAT our menfolk have taught us to do—go on strike until all mothers can have gas and air machines during labour pains. No more children until there is painless childbirth for all! We'd soon get it.—*Mrs. Barbara Monnett, "Westward," Barling, near Southend-on-Sea, Essex.*

WITH MY FIRST CHILD I was in labour for six hours, had an anaesthetic at the end, and stitches. When I awoke my son was in his cot. With the second baby I was in labour for two hours, with no anaesthetic and no stitches. The experience of being conscious at the birth and hearing his first cry was one I wouldn't have missed for anything.—*Mrs. W. E. Coop, 40 Manley Road, Sale, near Manchester.*

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

HUNTER IN THE BASEMENT

Continued from page 11

tail," he says. "And keep swinging or he'll come up and give you the Devil's own nip!"

Miss Lawrence demonstrates with one of the live rats in the lecture lab. at I.C.D. headquarters in High Holborn. "This is Sammy," she introduces, lifting Sammy by the tail and swinging him like a conker. Later Sammy runs up her arm, on to her shoulder and sniffs inquisitively at her ear.

Sammy is tame now, but once he bit her finger to the bone and she had to have penicillin injections.

Killing by violence is not always practicable, nor is it by any means the most effective method of control. For serious infestations the modern method is pre-baiting with carefully weighted quantities of food on four nights to gain the rats' confidence, and then laying poison.

From the amounts of bait and poison it is possible to say pretty nearly the number of rats in an infestation and the percentage destroyed. In 1943 I.C.D. ordered intensive treatment of 2,000 miles of London sewers, and local authorities to submit returns. The results showed that many more than a million rats died. Other local authorities in Britain were told to follow suit, and practically every reservoir of infestation in city, town and village was heavily attacked.

Nothing less than ninety per cent clearance of an infestation is considered a good job; but after that surveys and treatment must go on continuously. Rats, if anything, know how to make good their losses.

After clearing a building, Hammond leaves traps and cages for any rats who might have escaped his poison, but unless neighbouring premises are kept clear as well, the rats will return in power and glory.

Forthcoming legislation is expected to tie up legally the current practice whereby householders merely report infestations, and local authorities survey and carry out treatments. Dwellings are treated at Government expense—£500,000 a year. Business firms must pay for the service.

These firms are Hammond's clients. His service includes keeping premises free of other undesirables like cockroaches, woodworm, deathwatch beetles, crickets, moths and fleas.

No Fears of Slump

Whatever unspoken resentment private operators may harbour against I.C.D. for poaching on their hunting preserves, Hammond feels he doesn't have to fear being pushed out of business. Rats are not likely to become extinct in Britain in our lifetime.

Hammond's only complaint about the job is that it is frequently misunderstood. One night not so long ago, he packed his bag and set out on basement safari. On the way he stopped near a wall to light a cigarette. Up came a policeman.

"What d'you think you're after?" the P.C. asked.

"Rats," Hammond replied drily.

"Funny guy! Eh? Well, what have you got in that bag?"

"Nothing much," Hammond parried.

"Let's have a look." The P.C.'s search revealed a torch, hammer, chisel, jemmy, pair of bellows, some arsenic and a curiously shaped gun.

"But——" Hammond tried to explain.

"Better come along to the station," the P.C. interrupted. "I think the sergeant would like to have a talk with you!"

School for cricketers

by RALPH MEAD

Left: Alf Gover gives tips. . . . Test progress in South Africa raises hopes for future: systematic coaching can fulfil them

MODERN EDUCATION, in many fields, has developed the method of regarding each pupil as a separate problem. Now a cricket school is adopting the same method—on every level between the twelve-year-old private-school cricketer and the Test player.

At the Sandham - Strudwick - Gover cricket school, some of our major Test hopes of the future are receiving "treatment" designed to eradicate faults which may stand between them and great achievements.

We lack the advantage, which the Australians enjoy, of nine months of the year so fine and sunny that cricket can be played, and cricketers developed, under ideal conditions. Thus the indoor cricket school is virtually a necessity if we are to develop our young cricketers intensely.

The idea is not new. It was in the eighteen forties that William Clarke, shrewdest of all cricketers, said: "I once had thought there might be a school opened for cricket in the winter months: for you may drill a man to use a bat as well as a broadsword."

But it was eighty years before Clarke's idea was put into practice. Although there were indoor nets for the Surrey players at Camberwell Baths fifty years ago, they were *nets*—not a school.

It was after the first World War that Jack Durston, the Middlesex and England fast bowler, introduced the indoor cricket school to London. He was followed by the late Aubrey Faulkner, the South African all-rounder.

Then those two great Surrey and England cricketers, Andy Sandham and Herbert Strudwick, opened their school near Clapham Junction.

One of their early pupils was Alf Gover, soon to embark on his enthusiastic career, as Surrey's fast bowler, of flogging life from the unresponsive Oval wicket. A few years later Gover returned to the school as the third partner.

Perhaps the term "cricket school" is misleading. It would be more accurate to call the Sandham-Strudwick-Gover establishment a "school for cricketers." Wisely, they make no attempt to teach a non-player to play cricket. Their aim is to improve the play of cricketers willing and—above all—*able* to learn.

If your son is keen on cricket you may send him to the school for a course of twelve half-hour lessons, which will cost six guineas. If the ability is there these coaches may be relied upon to find it. But if, after two lessons, the coach decides the boy has no real aptitude for the game then the pupil, and a just proportion of your six guineas, will be returned.

The Big Three

Who are the three joint "headmasters"? Andy Sandham, shrewd, cool and correct as a batsman, is chief batting coach. It is difficult to believe that trim, alert "Sandy" is only a year or two short of sixty.

Alf Gover is the chief bowling coach, painstaking to a degree and with the gift of communicating to his pupils the enthusiasm which kept him—and still keeps him at forty—one of the fastest bowlers in England.

Herbert Strudwick does little coaching now. But, last winter, it was decided to polish up the wicket-keeping of McIntyre, of Surrey, who is one of the best young 'keepers in England. So Struddy took him through a special course of lessons—and spectators will remember McIntyre's improved form during the 1948 season.

Twelve of the seventeen first-class counties send players to the school: Surrey, Hampshire, Somerset, Gloucester, Worcester, Essex, Sussex, Kent, Glamorgan, Northants, Middlesex and Warwick.

When a county sends a player for lessons, the pupil (or "case") is watched in action, his flaws are diagnosed and then treated under the conditions which expose it most fully.

The indoor hall of the school has four nets — each with a different type of wicket, specially prepared to reproduce the conditions of actual turf wickets.

Thus, one wicket is of "easy" pace—to make a lazy bowler spin more or to instil preliminary confidence in an out-of-form batsman. No. 2 wicket is fast—to develop forward play. Then comes a fast *turning* wicket—to develop footwork. The last wicket approximates to a "sticky" wicket—to demand defensive back-play and quick footwork.

If a spin-bowler's sticky-wicket technique is below standard, a spell in that "sticky" net with a coach watching every ball will sharpen his control and teach him to *compel* the batsman to play every ball.

The school's pupils to rank among the most promising young cricketers of 1948 included Fletcher, the batsman; McMahon, whose bowling could be seen to improve with every match; Laker, who won a place in the Test side; and McIntyre, the wicket-keeper.

Maurice Tremlett, of Somerset, the youngest member of the M.C.C. team in South Africa and one of our chief hopes as an all-rounder, is another pupil.

Now Preston, of Essex, the most promising fast bowler in England, is being intensively coached by Gover. Learning from Gover is no rest cure. If he succeeds with Preston the shape of our Test cricket with Australia may change sharply.

"Scholarships" at the school are now being offered to boys who cannot afford to pay fees for themselves. The boys who come well out of the winter coaching will play as a team in summer. If they develop sufficiently as players they may join a county club.

"Blues" and Boys

From the turn of the year until the season starts the school is going at full tilt from half-past nine in the morning until ten at night. Boys eager for their school colours, undergraduates in the running for a "Blue," county colts, established county players tuning up for the coming season—all can be seen there.

This wide cricket scheme — scholarships, elementary instruction, scientific development of promising players, diagnosis and treatment of technical flaws—cannot fail, as it develops, to have a considerable long-term effect on our cricket as well as an immediate impact.

This is, so far, our most decisive step towards the re-establishment of our cricket prestige. It is fitting that it is being made by a group of conscientious cricketers who are not only proficient players but have a deep love of the game.

WITH MY FEET UP • *by IAN FOX*

IMITATION EATING has been carried a step further. Scientists have discovered how to make substitute white of egg from fish. This is a development of a ten-year-old German invention. The Germans were good at that sort of thing. If you remember, they made guns out of butter. The world-famous scientist, Professor Weed, is also forging ahead. Already he claims to have discovered a way of making the atom bomb nourishing.

* * *

LETTER TO MR. SMASHAND-GRAB, the Income Tax Man. Dear Sir, I cannot understand how. . . . Dear Sir, I am quite at a loss to. . . . Dear Sir, In no circumstances shall I. . . . Dear Sir, Your incomprehensible. . . . Dear Sir, Your completely inaccurate and. . . . Dear Sir, Nothing will induce me. . . . Dear Sir, I enclose. . . .

* * *

GOOD BUY. "Gentlemen, we've paid £50,000 for the film rights of this novel. Whom shall we get to rewrite it?"

* * *

FOR CLIMBERS. When you get to the top of the ladder don't forget the man who's at the foot of it; he's probably keeping it from slipping.

The jacaranda tree

A sinister sound of transport climbing the hill—and the escape bridge still unrepaired. Ill as he was, Paterson knew the climax of the struggle had come

ONLY THE RIVER now stands between Paterson and the end of the nightmare journey out of Burma. But when, with Nadia and Tuesday, he reaches the river, he finds that the one bridge across will not stand up to traffic. Indeed, as he ventures on to it, his own weight is enough to set the flimsy structure shaking.

The bridge must be repaired before the flood of refugees can be safely tided over.

At the water's edge, Paterson again meets the excited, voluble Dutchman, who, earlier on, spread rumours of cholera and fifth columns. The Dutchman is even more panicky now—and no one can say for certain when the advancing Japanese will catch up.

Paterson feels ill and tired. He is hardly aware of Nadia putting the thermometer in his mouth. Suddenly, she transfers it to her own. He wrenches it from her, cutting her lips and splintering the thermometer.

As he staggers back to the bridge, Paterson reflects tenderly on the simple act of the girl—this way of expressing her wish to share with him whatever might lie ahead.

FINAL INSTALMENT

All Hands to the Bridge

THE sun seemed to hit Paterson ferociously as he walked towards the bridge. It descended with regular flattening blows, hitting the top of his skull like a sword.

In these painful pulsations colour sometimes died. The river turned grey, with grey masses of jungle on either side, grey scrambled bodies on its banks, grey needles of timber forming the bridge, grey water swirling away the rafts of grey feathered plantain leaves.

Each time this happened he battled against it, shaking his head ferociously, until colour came back.

The Dutchman was full of new rumours, gathered from the Karens.

Rumours that troops were coming up the valley. These troops, he said, were Japs. There was fighting in Shwebo. There was fighting in Mandalay, Mojok, Myitkyina, Bhamo. There was butchery and rape. The towns of the plain had gone. The British were running. In two days the retreat would be over.

"In two bloddy days the Japs will be here, at this bridge," he shouted, "and then where will we be?"

"Probably at this bridge."

In irony Paterson felt some of his self-possession, his phlegm and all of his Englishness come back. The Dutchman became very red. "Well, what do we do? What do we do?"

"Stop getting windy."

"Windy? What is windy?"

"We'll need two gangs. We'll repair the bridge with one and make rafts with the other." Paterson walked out on to the bridge, and spoke to the Karens, offering rice in return for work. He would make a first dole at five o'clock. He thought perhaps they could work by night, by the light of fires, by hurricane lamps, by a couple of lights plugged in from the cars. He spoke briefly.

In ten minutes the two gangs, twenty to thirty-five in a gang, were lined up. They had kukris for cutting timber. He sent the smaller gang down into the jungle to cut bamboo. He explained the size of the rafts, the weight they were to carry, and knew that the Karens would do the rest.

He took the second gang along the escarpment, telling them as they went what timber he needed. He hoped, perhaps, they could cut some of the timber that day, haul it out by darkness and float it into position by dawn.

He did all this, and then began to select trees for the Karens to fell as near the water's edge as possible, without realizing that Tuesday and the girl had been with him all the time. They walked a pace or two behind him, one on either side.

Turning and becoming aware of them for the first time, he saw that there was still blood on the girl's mouth from the splintered thermometer. He was touched by her complete obliviousness of it and wanted to wipe it away.

All that afternoon and on into the evening, as the Karens cut timber and bamboo for the rafts and the bridge, the traces of blood remained on the girl's mouth for him to see whenever he turned. Each time he meant to wipe it away.

At five o'clock he left off directing the timber cutting. He called the first relay of men for the rice dole. They filed past the car as he measured out the rice in a mug. And then the Dutchman appeared, agitated, with a new story that convoys of Japanese transport had already been seen, not five miles back, on the road.

"You can hear it comjng!" he said.

"Can't hear a thing," Paterson said. "Have some tea."

"You can't hear it for that bloddy singing of the coolies. Suppose they run? And this bridge not finished? What do we do then?"

"Walk," Paterson said.

"Talk bloddy sense, please!"

The last of the Karens went past, taking his rice.

"Now listen," the Dutchman said. "Now listen. Well? Can't you hear that?"

Paterson stood by the car, listening vaguely, suddenly tired.

He felt himself sliding down by the car until he sat on the running board. He still had the mug for the rice in his hands. The half-filled sack of rice stood by the running board, a foot or so away.

Sickness, gathering again in the form of a web, grey and nauseating, came rushing back. He could not see for a moment the colour of anything in front of him; he felt as if he would pitch forward on his face.

WITH a great effort he dipped the mug into the sack of rice. He let the grains run out of it in a brown stream, gripping the mug desperately and letting the rice run slowly so that it should seem as if he were doing a normal thing.

A long, fiery vein of revolting and weakening sickness poured down through his bowels, leaving him terribly cold as it passed, the coldness ghastly as it blackened him out. All of his life seemed to be pouring out through the slow, thin, brown stream of rice.

And then the Dutchman said: "There. You can hear it now."

Ashily Paterson stared at the last grains of rice, making a desperate effort not to fall forward, flat on his face; and then he listened.

From some distance down the valley he could hear the sound of transport, heavier than ordinary cars, climbing the gradient in low gear.

"You hear it, you hear it?" the Dutchman said. "What do you make of that?"

Paterson did not know at all what he made of it. Stupidly he struggled to say something rational, to appear normal, and once again not to fall down.

The last of the rice had slipped out of the mug. He scooped at it slowly. After all, the Dutchman might be right, the Japs might be coming.

He tried to count the number of days he had been on the road, but their own fatalistic recurrence, one exactly like another, had obliterated them. He could not tell if there were one or twenty.

The Dutchman said something about the sooner they got the cars over on the rafts the better, and then the second gang of Karens came up the hill.

Once again, gripping the mug, staring at the bewildering myriad grains of rice, Paterson struggled desperately not to fall. It struck him suddenly that the Dutchman was ready to panic and he realized that the sight of him madly rushing his car over by raft would only have consequences that were disastrous. Mass panic would bring down the bridge.

The gang of Karens appeared and filed past him. For some time he had the impression that he doled rice. He found himself staring at a succession of waist-cloths, of many tones of purple and red, towards each of which he raised a doling hand.

SOME time later he discovered that the mug was no longer in his hands. He knew all at once that it had never been. Looking up, he saw the last of the Karens filing past the car. The rice was being doled by Nadia and the boy. The Dutchman was no longer there.

He struggled to his feet. He called to the Karens, in a voice curiously disembodied, something about the bridge, and then a second afterwards could not remember what it was.

Later still he was under the bridge. It was growing dark. He could see the faces of the Karens as they swarmed about the spidery structure.

He was doing something about superintending the hauling of a teak spar. This spar was thirty or thirty-five feet high. It was a gigantic matchstick, swung and tipped into its place beneath the bridge by the Lilliputian Karens.

He knew that the spar had to be strapped to the fractured support of the bridge, as to a broken bone. Then in some way that he did not understand, unaware of climbing the bridge, he found himself lying above the fractured spar. He was lying face downwards, looking at the stream. There were pools of faces below him. He was aware of the Dutchman, waving emotional arms. Upward, out of all this, swung the spar.

Gazing down, hugging the pile support with his legs, he reached with both arms to grasp the spar as the Karens thrust it upward. It suddenly seemed of extraordinary length.

He felt terribly, helplessly sick. He thought swiftly of the major; then of Miss Allison and Mrs. Betteson; then of Mrs. Portman, cool and beautiful, angry and frustrated; then of Betteson and the dying girl and the rest. He conceived suddenly that he owed them something; that in a horrible way he had failed them.

The spar swung upwards; the Karens shouted; the bitterness of sickness left him for a moment, leaving him in a sweat of remorse, cold as he clung above the water.

An instant later he was falling. He was determined at the same time not to fall. His terror was transcribed suddenly into conscious alertness. He felt his hands gripping the bridge until the blood froze in the finger tips. The thought of falling became identified at the same moment with dying, and in the same way he was determined not to die.

FAR down the valley, across miles of darkened jungle, he heard the grind of gears that might have been a hostile army. It seemed to exemplify all the weariness, the horror, the heat and the ghastliness of the long retreat.

All along the road lay the dead. He saw them as a long line of unheroic agony, putrefying, vulture-ridden, jackal-ravaged, the dead of all colours and all creeds, yellow, red, white, brown, Eurasians, Europeans, Asiatics, babies, women, children, men, the dead of typhoid and typhus, the dead of malaria and enteric, the dead of exhaustion and starvation, the dead of cholera perhaps, the dead that were simply dead.

He felt his fingers slipping on the spar, knew suddenly that in another fraction of a second he would fall, be one with all the dead who were nameless, and would never know, in that unheroic moment, what had really happened.

A moment later he was aware of what seemed like a great weight on his shoulders. It pressed him against the spar. The notion of falling passed. In the light of the fire the bridge became pale yellow, more than ever spider-like, a web into which he was securely wound. The conscious thought of dying, together with the fear of falling and the determination not to fall, was smoothed out. The voice of the boy was gentle, comforting him greatly.

"Patson sir. Patson. Patson sir."

He became vaguely aware of the arms of the boy winding tightly about him, folding him to the spar. . . .

In the morning, some time after the Dutchman had been ferried over, his car disappearing into jungle on the far river bank in a ball of dust, the boy unhooked the trailer from Paterson's car. He had spent considerable time cutting poles of bamboo and slicing the green skin from others in thin peelings that were like string. The girl had unloaded the cans of petrol and water.

Now, with the poles of bamboo and the string of bamboo they worked to build a skeleton roof on the trailer. They covered this roof with a thatch of banana leaves, leaving the sides and ends exposed to give a little air. With two poles of bamboo for shafts the boy made the trailer into a little cart.

For more than an hour there had been congestion at the bridge. By ferrying

by H. E. BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

himself over the Dutchman had avoided it. He had not found it necessary to put his trust in the repair.

Now the refugees were pressing forward; they stirred dust that hung over the glassy water in the early sunlight like a haze of salmon and gold. The rumour that the Japs were coming had increased. There was no singing from Karens still working to strap up, with fresh spars, the under-structure of the bridge. The grind of heavy gears coming up the road could still be heard, and now and then an Indian, more nervous than the rest, let off a screaming lamentation.

By nine o'clock the boy and his sister had the trailer ready. It had the appearance of a small green-roofed house on wheels. They had covered the inside of it with blankets and had laid the half-sack of rice like a pillow at the head. Underneath were slung four cans of water, a frying pan, a kettle and Paterson's folded camp bath.

As the boy pumped air into the tyres of the trailer, Paterson lay on the floor of the jungle in shade, covered with blankets, away from the road.

All the time he worked on the trailer and the tyres the boy was preoccupied by the rising sound of gears grinding up the long bend of road. It had been growing louder and closer. Now he judged it to be rather less than a mile away.

Sometimes he stood in the road and looked back, watching for whatever it was that was labouring in low gear. He was standing like that when the British sergeant leaned out of the cab of the first army-truck that came up the hill.

RED with sweat, the sergeant was very astonished at the smiling face above the football shirt. He greeted it with pained and cheerful irony, calling it to the attention of his mate, the corporal.

"Puts years on you, don't it, kid?"

"Yessir. Yessir," the boy said. The smile was cheerfully broad on his face.

"Speaks English. Cheerful as hell," the sergeant said. He had himself a kind of rude buoyancy, tempered only by the irony and trial of retreat. It cheered him still further to see the dusty and indomitable boy standing by the trailer, proud of the faded stripes of the football shirt.

"Going far?"

The boy smiled enormously.

"Free trip anyway," the sergeant said. "Don't cost a sausage."

The smile on the face of the boy broadened as if this joke were comprehensible.

"What holds us up?" the sergeant said. "Not that we care." And then, looking ahead, he saw the bridge. He gazed at it for some seconds as if it were a congested rabbit hole. He called it to the attention of the corporal. The corporal made noises of great horror and together they gazed through the windscreen at the spidery fragility of the bridge, calling it several degrees of murder. "Gawd help us," the corporal said. "Pray for us, mate."

"We got two chances," the sergeant said. "If we don't go through we go under."

"We can always go back," the corporal

The spar swung upwards; the Karens shouted. Sickness left Paterson for a moment as he clung above the water

said. The sergeant greeted this with spasms of splendid laughter. "Order the bastards out!" he said, and the corporal, lifting the canvas screen behind him, yelled into the back of the truck: "All change for Bakerloo and Waterloo."

"Waterloo it is an' all," the sergeant said. "If we make this we can make bleedin' Everest."

"And if we don't make it it's bleedin' ever rest for sure," the corporal said.

These ironies were lost on the boy. He watched the truck disgorge its load of khaki men. They shouted incomprehensible greetings at him, teasing him about the origins of the football shirt, calling him chum. He stood smiling, his fears dispersed by their laughter.

They filed past him, coming one by one into sight of the bridge. "Let her go, Sarge," they said. "Gee mare! Gee up. Only gotta die once. Over she goes."

"Single file on the bridge!" the sergeant roared. "And look slippy! Else I'll have every bastard on the peg."

"What peg?" they said.

"You'll see! Wait till I get you to bloody India!"

"Somewhere," the corporal said, "I've heard that before."

The sergeant leaned out of the cab.

"Bridge any good?"

"Bridge good," the boy said. "Yessir." He had suddenly great faith in the bridge. It had been repaired by Paterson. It was Paterson's bridge. He was very proud of the bridge. "Yessir, yessir. Good. Yessir."

"Mother," the sergeant said. "Here we come."

The sergeant let in the clutch, revving the engine, and as the truck went forward, he leaned from the window, grinning. "Pick up the bits," he said.

"Yessir!"

"See you in India," the corporal called.

Triumphantly the boy understood these words. He felt that a great light flashed on him. He waved.

"Yessir! In India! Soon!"

The sergeant grinned back, sticking his thumb out of the cabin. The boy shouted. "Goodbye, sirs! Goodbye, misters! Goodbye!"

TUESDAY stood for a moment longer watching the truck creep forward to the bridge and the khaki file of men that were passing over. He waved his hand once more, and then went back to where Paterson, in a sweating stupor, lay on the floor of the jungle.

A few moments later they lifted him on to the cart and Nadia stood over him, pressing the blankets under his body. The boy spoke with echoes of triumph, smiling down. "English soldiers!" he said. "Trucks. Big sirs!"

Paterson, sweaty-eyed, his entire vision grey again, did not answer. He seemed to be watching the hills.

The boy and his sister took hold of the bamboo shafts of the trailer and pressed their bodies against the bamboo crossbar and dragged it towards the bridge. Ahead of them the truck was half way over. The entire spidery mass of the bridge swayed, like slender steel, curving down and recoiling.

Then, as the truck got ovef, a cocoon of dust descended, slowly revealing the sun and then, below and beyond the sun, the clear line of mountains. And suddenly the boy saw the mountains near and revealed at last, as something he could reach out and touch with his hands. They seemed hardly higher than the branches of the jacaranda tree back in Paterson's compound.

And then, as he turned, filled with grave triumph, to look at Paterson, he saw that Paterson saw it, too, and all across his face broke the enormous smile.

A few moments later the three of them were over the bridge.

THE END

To doubt is to discover

by HERBERT HODGE

Came the day when a monkey tried to be something more than a monkey

I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY people suffer from the same frustrations as I do—but what troubles me more than anything else is the sad fact that the things I want to do most are nearly always the very things I find most difficult.

This applies particularly to the job I try to do on this page—digging down for the inner truths of life, and then trying to set them out in plain English.

Time and time again, younger readers write to me asking for advice on how to live; what to believe in. Time and time again, I reply. And each time I know my reply will be a bit of a disappointment to them.

I've never given them a definite answer. I've always told them that—no matter how many books they read, or how many teachers they listen to—they've got to find the answer for themselves.

So Many Answers

I know how they feel about it. I used to feel the same, myself. Most of my schoolteachers gave me a very definite answer. The Churches, also, offered me definite answers. The political parties claimed to know the answers, too. All different. And when I found I couldn't completely swallow any of their answers, I spent years trying to find someone who really *knew*—someone with a ready-made social plan that I could wholly believe in.

Life seemed so empty without it. I couldn't bear the thought of wasting my life away in what I felt to be a useless mess of doubt. But now I know better. I feel my early doubts were in truth my answer.

I believe the beginning of doubt is the beginning of wisdom—whatever the orthodox believers of all kinds may say to the contrary. Doubt is the living sap in the tree of life.

There was once a fish who doubted whether the universe was all water, as the other fishes said it was. He swam on and on, doubting and doubting, until he discovered land. Then he wanted to climb up on the land. So he learned to crawl on his fins, and became a reptile. Then there was a reptile who doubted whether squirming along on his belly was the best method of getting about. He tried growing longer legs, and became the four-legged mammal.

Then there was the mammal who doubted whether he really needed four legs to walk on. So he tried to walk on two, and became a monkey. Until one day a monkey started to doubt whether being a monkey was quite all his fellow-monkeys cracked it up to be. So he tried to become something more, and became a man. (That's how *I* see our evolution, any way.)

Man, himself, has never seemed quite able to make up his mind whether he wants to struggle on towards something better, or go back to being something worse. There's a lot to be said for a civilized life, he thinks, but it's certainly less trouble to drift back to the jungle.

Many of us still think we can have it both ways; and reach a better civilization by the old jungle methods. We used to call it smiting the Philistines; later we called it going on a holy crusade. The latest name for it is "liquidation." But it's the same old monkey method. Or am I being unfair to the monkeys? Maybe the sole credit for this idea belongs to man.

Still Searching

The great majority of people have usually been content to accept one or another of the orthodox beliefs of their time—just as most of the monkeys have been content to remain monkeys, and most of the fishes have preferred to stay in the sea.

Being one of the doubters, myself—one of those who are *not* satisfied—I want to encourage the other doubters. We doubters get mud thrown at us from all sides. So we can always do with a bit more encouragement—even if it comes only from our fellow-doubters.

And what I want to say to all the doubters who write to me is this: Go on doubting. In my opinion it's a sign that you're on the one hopeful path—the one path that leads toward the open future, instead of backwards down an old blind alley.

Because we doubt, and because our doubts make us feel so uncomfortable, we are constantly being driven on to new discoveries — about the world, about the universe, and even perhaps about that unknown quality in life that the mystics call God.

Key to it All

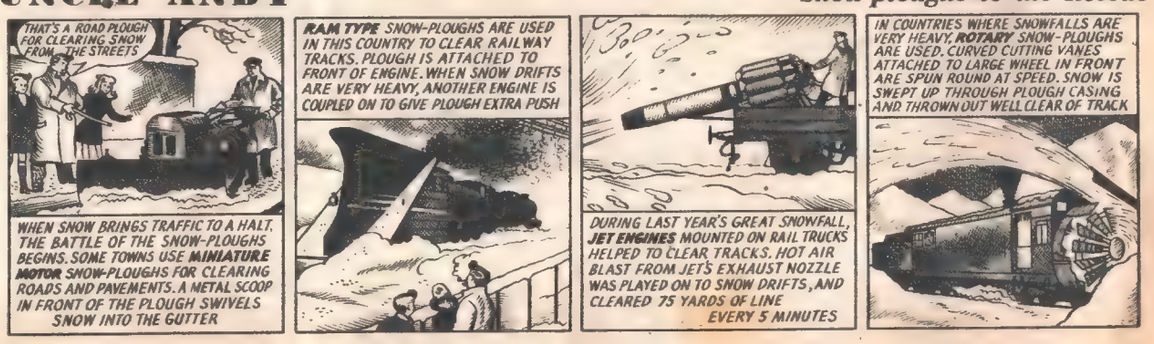
We may not all have the orthodox philosopher's academic education, or the astronomer's telescope, or the scientist's laboratory. But we've all got a very important part of the universe right inside our own heads—that part we call our "self." The human self is the key to the whole problem of human progress, yet it's probably the one part of our world we know least about.

There's no reason why you or I or the chap next door shouldn't be the person who discovers some new aspect of this human self, which will help us all to take the next step forward—a little farther from the jungle and a little nearer to a civilized world.

And even if we don't turn out to be great pioneers, we shall at least be able to look back over this little life of ours, and feel it's been part of a fascinating voyage towards the unknown horizon.

UNCLE ANDY

Snow-ploughs to the Rescue


THAT'S A ROAD PLOUGH FOR CLEARING SNOW FROM THE STREETS
WHEN SNOW BRINGS TRAFFIC TO A HALT, THE BATTLE OF THE SNOW-PLOUGHS BEGINS. SOME TOWNS USE MINIATURE MOTOR SNOW-PLOUGHS FOR CLEARING ROADS AND PAVEMENTS. A METAL SCOOP IN FRONT OF THE PLOUGH SWIVELS SNOW INTO THE GUTTER
RAM TYPE SNOW-PLOUGHS ARE USED IN THIS COUNTRY TO CLEAR RAILWAY TRACKS. PLOUGH IS ATTACHED TO FRONT OF ENGINE. WHEN SNOW DRIFTS ARE VERY HEAVY, ANOTHER ENGINE IS COUPLED ON TO GIVE PLOUGH EXTRA PUSH
DURING LAST YEAR'S GREAT SNOWFALL, JET ENGINES MOUNTED ON RAIL TRUCKS HELPED TO CLEAR TRACKS. HOT AIR BLAST FROM JET'S EXHAUST NOZZLE WAS PLAYED ON TO SNOW DRIFTS, AND CLEARED 75 YARDS OF LINE EVERY 5 MINUTES
IN COUNTRIES WHERE SNOWFALLS ARE VERY HEAVY, ROTARY SNOW-PLOUGHS ARE USED. CURVED CUTTING VANES ATTACHED TO LARGE WHEEL IN FRONT ARE SPUN ROUND AT SPEED. SNOW IS SWEPT UP THROUGH PLOUGH CASING AND THROWN OUT WELL CLEAR OF TRACK

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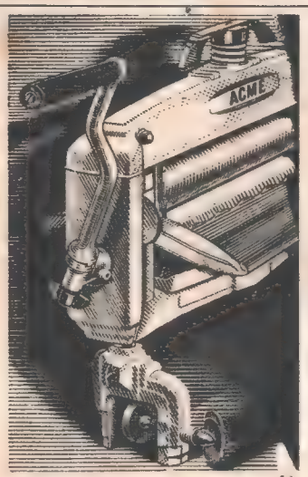

12

HOW GOOD IS A WRINGER?

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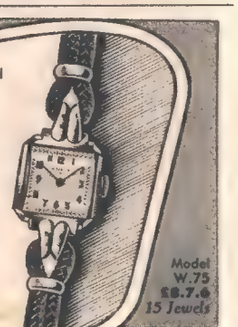

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Sutton of NORTHAMPTON

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

by KANE RICHMOND

ILLUSTRATED BY NASH

Dad was as keen as a knife on getting his rights. If he was entitled to an operation, he meant to have one

IT WAS HIGH TIME, said my mother, that they found that hospital bed for Dad if he was going to make an excuse of his stomach every time he flew into a tantrum. The truth was he'd always had a nasty temper.

My father retorted that he'd always had a stomach, meaning that he'd endured years of pain in saint-like silence.

It was six months since the doctor had shouted cheerfully: "Well, we'd better have you into hospital and give you a look over," and then muttered out of the side of his mouth to us the grim word "operation."

"Be careful of your diet," the doctor had said. But the first time Mama tried a dinner of steamed fish and baked custard Father had snarled that he supposed she wanted to starve him to death. He had always liked his food rich and plentiful and his idea of taking care was to grumble about the cooking and send me running into the town for another of his favourite brand of stomach powder. The doctor's medicine went down the sink.

He was still waiting for the operation when the new Health Scheme came in.

"You'll see," he said triumphantly, "it'll be like everything else they've took off the ration—now there won't *be* any beds."

But he was wrong. The letter arrived at dinner time about a week later.

"There now!" Mama said, smiling like she used to when she was going to put iodine on a cut. "Isn't that a good thing? Next Sunday they want you."

Father swallowed the piece of dumpling at last. Then he set down his knife and fork with a bang.

"I haven't moved out of this house and garden on a Sunday," he said, "except to go to church, for the past thirty years, and I ain't starting now."

"Remember, Ernie Barrett went in on a Sunday," Mama began pleading.

"Ah, and came out on a Sunday, too," replied Father darkly, "feet first to churchyard."

ON Saturday Mama had to take a pair of fowls into the town and I was just wondering what job the old man would think up for me and getting ready with an excuse, when he said: "Well, why don't you get out and amuse yourself, young fella-me-lad, instead of loafing round the place like a sick headache?"

I didn't need to be told twice, and went down to the football field till it was time to come home and feed the animals.

When I got back, Father was out. He'd just waited till we were both out of the way, packed his things and nipped off to the hospital before his courage failed. We got there when the argument had been going on for about half an hour and was nicely warmed up.

The Lady Almoner had come out in pink blotches up the neck and her pince-nez were hanging on one side, an Irish sister was banging her fist down on the reception desk as she tried to make father see reason in a nice quiet Irish way, and the porter was standing about, instead of taking the day's letters to the post, for fear of missing any of the fun.

Father was sitting steady as a rock, his hands planted on top of his stick.

"Saturday or Monday," he said. "Have it your own way; but I'm not coming out of my home on a Sunday."

"But don't you *see*——" the almoner was trying hard not to screech at him. "The bed will not be ready until tomorrow."

"Well, I suppose one of these young women," he glared at the sister, who bristled at being described as if she were a mere probationer, "—I suppose one of these young women could stir herself to make it by Monday."

Father sat tight. "I'm not leaving my house on a Sunday," he said

Just then Matron came along; she chinked and rustled as she walked as if the week's washing had been flung over a steel clothes horse, and it must have taken a cold chisel to carve those furrows on her face.

"Now what's all this?" she led off.

Father pressed his hand to his stomach, closed his eyes and groaned.

Matron gave him a look that would have sliced up anyone with a thinner hide.

"Now look here, my good man," she began. "We can't have people wandering in here at any time to suit themselves."

"Six months I've had to wait, ma'am—in agony." Father pressed his hand to his stomach, but he was watching her through his half-closed eyes. She looked at Mama's tired, worried face and said: "Well. . . ."

She was on the point of yielding but just then the door was flung open and Lady Chumpton swept in on a waft of perfume that made Matron twitch her lean nostrils like an old warhorse. In the past Lady Chumpton had been one of the hospital's chief benefactors and still looked on it as her private property.

"Ah, Matron," she cooed in the tone she reserved for her worst enemies. "I'm a bit late for my visiting today. So busy, you know; but I couldn't go home without calling in to see my few poor dears."

While she spoke her small bright eyes flickered curiously round the hall.

"You are indeed late, Lady Chumpton," said Matron briskly. "I'm afraid visiting hours are over."

"But——" spluttered Lady Chumpton, and you could almost see the hairs on her fur coat rising.

"Regulations are regulations, I'm afraid," snapped Matron with a glitter of satisfaction in her eyes.

"And this poor man?" Seeing she was getting nowhere, Lady Chumpton turned to father. "Is he trying to see someone, too?"

He swelled with importance at this sign of sympathy from high quarters.

"I'm a patient, but they won't let me in, ma'am," he said. That finished him with Matron.

"He's come on the wrong day," she said shortly. "He'll have to go home and come back tomorrow."

"Why, he's too ill to stand!" crowed Lady Chumpton, who, not knowing my father, chose to think that was the only reason why he hadn't got up when she came in. "I call it disgraceful! People are going to die like flies under this new scheme. I always said so. We were quite capable of running our own affairs——"

SHE was set to go for a good half hour. But Matron chipped in. "And *I'm* quite capable of running this hospital, and I will *not* take any more patients tonight."

"His death be on your head then!" cried Lady Chumpton, who was also president of the local dramatic society.

Father nodded approvingly. He felt that his condition was getting the respect it deserved at last. Besides, he enjoyed the sight of two females having a row.

"We'll take him home now," Mama put in soothingly.

"Nothing of the kind." Somehow Lady Chumpton jerked him up off the chair. "I will take the poor old fellow to Chumpton Towers and see that he is cared for *properly*."

Father didn't like the "old fellow" part so much, but when he saw the shining Bentley drawn up on the gravel he couldn't resist the idea of a ride. Besides, he was determined that he wouldn't be taken home like a naughty child.

"I advise you not to meddle with matters that don't concern you, Lady Chumpton," Matron rasped as she followed them to the door. "This man may lose his chance if he doesn't turn up tomorrow. The surgeon can't perform an operation in a private house, you know."

"You seem to forget," retorted Lady Chumpton with a final sweep of her furs, "that I ran Chumpton Towers as a nursing home in *two* wars. I shall see that he has the *best* attention."

"Ah, but——" Father began to struggle out of the rug that was being tucked round him. "Government's got to pay. They won't get out of that."

He was always keen as a knife on getting his rights.

Lady Chumpton pushed him back in the seat none too gently, and we saw his round red face staring through the back window as the car drove away. There was nothing for us to do but trudge home, feeling rather foolish.

Father looked even more foolish when we went up to Chumpton Towers next day and found him lying in bed in a pair of the late Lord Chumpton's plum-coloured silk pyjamas, which just about matched his face when he caught sight of us.

"Well, what are you two grinning at?" he bellowed. "Get me out of this."

But that wasn't so easy. Lady Chumpton was not going to be robbed of her

HIS SHOCK CAME ON FRIDAY...

CIVVY street is far from being paved with gold these days and forty-five years old reader J. Gibbs (left-hand picture) knows it well. It was a shock to lose the steady job to which he had come back from the Army and find himself a temporary clerk.

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Each cash prize for *Bullet* which was one of 2s. entry of 4 efforts on single coupon (or plain-paper entry sheet) will be accompanied by delicious big Dundee cake as Bonus.

Then, the other Friday, along came a telegraph boy to the Gibbs's home—49 Heybridge Drive, Barkingside, Ilford—with a shock of quite a different kind. This was a telegram congratulating him on winning £250 First Prize with his neat and thoughtful effort, SHOULDN'T BE HOLY—ONLY—MAKE CHURCHES HOMELY!

HIS THRILL CAME TUESDAY

As the result of a recent Crossword Contest a regular soldier got the thrill of *his* life from a First Prize message from Long Acre. This was Sergeant N. Wallace, who entered from 12 Southdene, Gaddesden Row, Hemel Hempstead. A £100 cheque rewarded him for beating all his rivals in our 610th Contest.

A *Bullets* First Prize telegram on Friday or a Crossword wire on Tuesday? Either of these exciting messages can come to you through posting a coupon from this page by Monday, January 24.

Look out for everybody's thrill on this page next week—the biggest "Bullets" prize offer since prewar days!

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

For The World	Fell Out
Voyage To Prosperity	Hard As Iron
Times Have Changed, So	Not A Sausage
	Like Humpty-dumpty
Foreman Joe	Dad's Gadget
To Heal The Wound	On The Safe Side
Tempting	
If It's Nationalised	**Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions**
Signed And Sealed	
The New Minister	What ..... Hopes
A Woman's Work	Looked A Bit.....
In The Ring	Bouquet For.....
Long Way To Go	Gets Our.....
My Dentist	Mind The.....And
With A Pitying Smile	.....On The Top

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Make sure you enclose P.O. or stamps at new 1949 rate of 6d. per *Bullet*. Merely by revising entry-fee to 6d. per effort, JOHN BULL has doubled the weekly top prize to £500 cash, enormously increased the supporting cheques to a total of £236, introduced 3,000 attractive new prizes and added fine food Bonuses for full measure!

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NEXT WEEK!

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,664 (or Xword 616) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to get help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Feb. 5 containing **ANOTHER BIG "BULLETS" OFFER**
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Closing Postmark, **1,664** MON. JAN. 24

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

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RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated February 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

Result of Xword No. 613 is due to appear on this page next week.

"Bullets" Winners 1,660

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus RADIOGRAM: G. Peckham, 4 Gillwood End, Best Beech, Wadhurst, Sussex:

A BIT WINTRY
PRESENT "SCENE"? PRESENTLY, "TRANSFORMATION"

SECOND PRIZE, £25: W. J. Opie, 19 Cross Street, Moretonhampstead: IDOL OF THE MISSUS—NOT MASSES, LUCKY ME!

THIRD PRIZE, £10: J. Dent, 9 Lincoln Road, Northwood Hills: IN THE RED—BELT—ANOTHER "SCALP," PIGTAIL?

OTHER AWARDS: £9: N. S. Williams, Glan Helen, S. Beach, Pwllheli: A BIT WINTRY — CRIPPS? "BLIZZARD" WITHOUT HIM! £8: H. A. Dorrington, 8 Regency Square, Brighton: QUESTION OF THE AGE—SANITY—OR PADDED *Cellars*? £7: E. Jennings, 6 Ranelagh Street, Bristol, 5: SCIENTIFIC COLUMBUS — SHOULDN'T COMMAND "BATTLESHIP," NATIONS! £6: A. R. Cullum, "Exford," Hospital Hill, Guildford: IN THE RED—ACCOUNTS, WHILE REDS UNACCOUNTABLE.

FIVE of £5: L. Boggett, 5 Norton Avenue, Longsight, Manchester, 12: A BIT WINTRY — AUSTERITY *Plus* WHINER'S "WIND." J. A. Ives, Trevu, Melville Road, Falmouth: FANNING THE FLAMES—FIREBRAND—"COLD FEET, MATES?" P. H. Lisk, 19 Palmersfield Road, Banstead: AUNTIE'S LODGER—FATTENED FOR *Marriage* MARKET! A. W. Smith, 42 Raglan Street, Newport, Mon.: NO MAN—WANTS BARMAID LIKE POSTMISTRESS! Miss O. M. Price, c/o 41 King Street, Hammersmith, W.6: SCIENTIFIC COLUMBUS — DISCOVERED CALORIE IN *Sausage*!

Fifty Mystery Prizes and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

(Above result is reprinted for sake of readers who missed last week's JOHN BULL. *Results of "Bullets" No. 1,661 is due next week.)*

MORE HOUSEHOLD PRIZES for XWORDS

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THIS WAY TO WIN

USEFUL cheques have been won by 26 readers in the last 10 Crossword contests; work out now that puzzle below and you may win not only a cheque but one of the 100-piece Services such as have been received by 34 competitors.

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

XWORD 616

Across Clues

1. Is generally short
3. Sometimes proves pretty hot
6. You probably are unable to read what's carved on this
8. It's usually gratifying to recognize certain familiar features in one
9. See you don't scorch when you do this
13. May describe bill
14. Many charladies turn up after

Down Clues

1. You should know where to put your hand on it
2. Ways and means will no doubt be found of reducing heavy this
4. Eaves are intended to do this
5. Comfort and warmth they provide help some people to get to sleep
7. There's often no reason why old one shouldn't be useful for repairs
10. High seas must appear threatening from this
11. Sometimes shuts a man up most effectively
12. News summary is often this

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1P	A		2T	R	Y	■	3	A	4P
U	S	■	O	L	A	5F	■	N	R
		■		■	P	L	U	T	O
6S	7T		L	E	■		■		
E	I	■		B	■	8C	A		E
■		■		9B		K	E	■	C
10P	K	■	11	■	■	S	■	12B	T
R	E	L	A	T	E	■	■		■
O	R	■	G	E	L	D	E	R	■
	616	13	E	A	K	■	14T	E	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated February 5.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

616 Closing Postmark, MON., JAN. 24

I enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Signed .....

Address.. .....

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WHERE THERE'S A WILL

Continued from previous page

chance of being a benefactress and scoring off an old enemy. She had taken away his clothes to make sure.

He was fussed over as if he had been a Cabinet Minister. He slept, ate, bathed to a rigid time-table. He was fed on the choicest of food from the home farm, raw eggs whipped up in milk, wafer-thin slices of steamed chicken, raw liver.

In vain he moaned for a good roast with thick gravy and Yorkshire pudding, apple dumplings or even a plateful of fried fish and chips. Lady Chumpton insisted that these would be certain death and he was lucky to have escaped the slapdash methods of the hospital.

But all her tender care didn't get round the difficulty of having his operation performed anywhere but in the domain of her arch enemy. She would gladly have paid the fees at the most expensive nursing home, but father was determined that the State which had guaranteed free medical service should pay up, even if it killed him.

A couple of months passed and mama was beginning to look quite young and gay. Then the question of an extension to the hospital, which had been talked of for years, flared up into a first-class agitation.

Not for nothing had Lady Chumpton been the wife of a diplomat. She grabbed her opportunity. A word here and a word there, a frantic tug at one string and then another, a couple of hearty kicks at closed doors, and Chumpton Towers was registered as an official extension of the hospital pending the building of a new wing.

Alterations were put in hand at once. The conservatory was turned into an operating theatre, the antique furniture replaced by the most modern hospital equipment, a staff imported from London. And Lady Chumpton moved into the small dower house on the other side of the park.

Everyone was happy. Lady Chumpton because she had got rid of an estate that had been a financial burden to her for some time, and had scored off Matron. Matron because she could now send all her dull cases to the Towers on the pretext that there was not room for them in the main building.

Everyone, that is, except father. When at last the new extension was officially opened and they came to examine him, they found that the long period of routine and healthy living had cured his stomach condition and there was no need to operate.

He has never forgiven Lady Chumpton for doing him out of his rights, and his temper is worse than ever.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

J. W. (Leicester): Many people find that they are receiving reduced sickness and unemployment benefit from January 3. These are people who were already insured when the new scheme came into operation but whose total number of contributions paid or credited for the year ended July, 1948—including arrears paid since then—was less than fifty. For instance, a man with less than twenty-six contributions paid and credited in this period is not entitled to benefit, but if he has more than this number, the weekly rate varies from 13s. with twenty-six to twenty-nine contributions to 25s. with forty-eight or forty-nine contributions. Similar reductions are made for dependants' benefits.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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